



Gravelot. inv.

G. V. de Guiche. scul.



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Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL;

OR, THE

Feign'd INNOCENCE.

A

C O M E D Y.

By Mr. DRYDEN.



L O N D O N:

Printed for JACOB TONSON in the Strand.

M DCC XXXV.

ST. MARTIN MARALLI

OR THE

RIGHT INNOCENCE

C O M E D Y

W M D R Y D E M



L O U I S O L A

Printed for James Towner in the City

M DCC XXXV



PROLOGUE.

FOOLS, which each Man meets in his Dish each Day,
Are yet the great Regalio's of a Play ;
In which to Poets you but just appear,
To prize that highest, which cost them so dear :
Fops in the Town more easily will pass ;
One Story makes a statutable Ass :
But such in Plays must be much thicker sown,
Like Yolks of Eggs, a Dozen beat to one.
Observing Poets all their Walks invade,
As Men watch Woodcocks gliding through a Glade ;
And when they have enough for Comedy,
They stow their several Bodies in a Pye :
The Poet's but the Cook to fashion it,
For, Gallants, you your selves, have found the Wit,
To bid you welcome, would your Bounty wrong,
None welcome those who bring their Chear along.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord DARTMOUTH, in Love with Mrs. CHRISTIAN.
Mr. MOODY, the Swash-buckler.
Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL, a Fool.
WARNER, his Man.
Sir JOHN SWALLOW, a *Kentish* Knight.

W O M E N.

Lady DUPE, the old Lady.
Mrs. CHRISTIAN, her young Niece.
Mrs. MILLISENT, the Swash-buckler's Daughter.
ROSE, her Maid.
Mrs. PREPARATION, Woman to the old Lady.
Other Servants, Men and Women, a Carrier, Bayliffs.

The SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*



Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Warner solus.

 HERE the Devil is this Master of mine? he is ever out of the way when he should do himself good! This 'tis to serve a Coxcomb, one that has no more Brains than just those I carry for him. Well! of all Fops commend me to him for the greatest; he's so opinion'd of his own Abilities, that he is ever designing somewhat, and yet he sows his Stratagems so shallow, that every Daw can pick 'em up: From a plotting Fool, the Lord deliver me. Here he comes. Oh! it seems his Cousin's with him, then it is not so bad as I imagin'd.

Enter Sir Martin Mar-all, and Lady Dupe.

L. Dupe. I think 'twas well contriv'd for your Access, to lodge her in the same House with you.

Sir Mart. 'Tis pretty well, I must confess.

Warn. Had he plotted it himself, it had been admirable.

[Aside.]

L. Dupe. For when her Father *Moody* writ to me to take him Lodgings, I so order'd it, the Choice seem'd his, not mine.

Sir Mart. I have hit of a thing my self sometimes, when wiser Heads have miss'd it — But that might be meer luck.

L. Dupe. Fortune does more than Wisdom.

Sir Mart. Nay, for that you shall excuse me ; I will not value any Man's Fortune at a Rush, except he have Wit and Parts to bear him out. But when do you expect 'em ?

L. Dupe. This Tide will bring him from *Gravesend*. You had best let your Man go as from me, and wait them at the Stairs in *Durham-Yard*.

Sir Mart. Lord, Cousin, what a-do is here with your Counsel! as though I could not have thought of that my self. I could find in my Heart not to send him now — stay a little — I could soon find out some other way.

Warn. A Minute's Stay may lose your Business.

Sir Mart. Well, go then — but you must grant, if he had staid, I could have found a better way — you grant it.

L. Dupe. For once I will not stand with you. [*Exit Warner.*] 'Tis a sweet Gentlewoman this Mrs. *Milliscent*, if you can get her.

Sir Mart. Let me alone for plotting.

L. Dupe. But by your Favour, Sir, 'tis not so easy, her Father has already promis'd her : And the young Gentleman comes up with 'em : I partly know the Man — but the old Squire is humourfome, he's stout, and plain in Speech, and in Behaviour ; he loves none of the fine Town-Tricks of Breeding, but stands up for the old *Elizabeth* way in all things. This we must work upon.

Sir Mart. Sure you think you have to deal with a Fool, Cousin?

Enter Mrs. Christian.

L. Dupe. O my dear Niece, I have some Business with you. [*Whispers.*]

Sir Mart. Well, Madam, I'll take one turn here i'th' *Piazza's* ; a thousand things are hammering in this Head ; 'tis a fruitful Noddle, though I say it. [*Exit Sir Mart.*]

L. Dupe. Go thy ways for a most conceited Fool — But to our Business, Cousin : You are young, but I am old,

old, and have had all the Love-Experience that a discreet Lady ought to have; and therefore let me instruct you about the Love this rich Lord makes to you.

Chr. You know, Madam, he's marry'd, so that we cannot work upon that Ground of Matrimony.

L. Dupe. But there are Advantages enough for you, if you will be wise and follow my Advice.

Chr. Madam, my Friends left me to your Care, therefore I will wholly follow your Counsel, with Secresy, and Obedience.

L. Dupe. Sweet-heart, it shall be the better for you another Day: Well then, this Lord that pretends to you is crafty and false, as most Men are, especially in Love; — therefore we must be subtle to meet with all his Plots, and have Countermines against his Works to blow him up.

Chr. As how, Madam?

L. Dupe. Why, Girl, he'll make fierce Love to you, but you must not suffer him to ruffle you, or steal a Kiss: But you must weep and sigh, and say you'll tell me on't, and that you will not be us'd so, and play the Innocent just like a Child, and seem ignorant of all.

Chr. I warrant you I'll be very ignorant, Madam.

L. Dupe. And be sure when he has tow'd you, not to appear at Supper that Night, that you may fright him.

Chr. No, Madam.

L. Dupe. Thar he may think you have told me.

Chr. Ay, Madam.

L. Dupe. And keep your Chamber, and say your Head akes.

Chr. O most extreamly, Madam.

L. Dupe. And lock the Door, and admit of no Night-Visits: At Supper I'll ask where's my Cousin, and being told you are not well, I'll start from the Table to visit you, desiring his Lordship not to incommode himself; for I will presently wait on him again.

Chr. But how, when you are return'd, Madam?

L. Dupe. Then somewhat discompos'd, I'll say, I doubt the Meazles or Small-Pox will seize on you, and then the Girl is spoil'd; saying, Poor thing, her Portion is

her Beauty and her Virtue ; and often send to see how you do, by Whispers in my Servant's Ears, and have those Whispers of your Health return'd to mine : If his Lordship thereupon asks how you do, I will pretend it was some other thing.

Chr. Right, Madam, for that will bring him further in suspense.

L. Dupe. A hopeful Girl ! then will I eat nothing that Night, feigning my Grief for you ; but keep his Lordship Company at Meal, and seem to strive to put my Passion off, yet shew it still by small Mistakes.

Chr. And broken Sentences.

L. Dupe. A dainty Girl ! and after Supper visit you again, with Promise to return strait to his Lordship : But after I am gone, send an Excuse, that I have given you a Cordial, and mean to watch that Night in Person with you.

Chr. His Lordship then will find the Prologue of his Trouble, doubting I have told you of his ruffling.

L. Dupe. And more than that, fearing his Father should know of it, and his Wife, who is a termagant Lady : But when he finds the Coast is clear, and his late ruffling known to none but you, he will be drunk with Joy.

Chr. Finding my simple Innocence, which will inflame him more.

L. Dupe. Then what the Lion's Skin has fail'd him in, the Fox's Subtlety must next supply, and that is just, Sweet-heart, as I would have it ; for crafty Folks Treaties are their Advantage : Especially when his Passion must be satisfy'd at any rate, and you keep Shop to set the Price of Love : So now you see the Market is your own.

Chr. Truly, Madam, this is very rational : and by the Blessing of Heav'n, upon my poor Endeavours, I do not doubt to play my part.

L. Dupe. My Blessing and my Pray'rs go along with thee.

Enter

Enter Sir John Swallow, Mrs. Millisent, and Rose her Maid.

Chr. I believe, Madam, here is the young Heirefs you expect, and with her he who is to marry her.

L. Dupe. Howe'er I am Sir Martin's Friend, I must not seem his Enemy.

Sir John. Madam, this fair young Lady begs the Honour to be known to you.

Mill. My Father made me hope it, Madam.

L. Dupe. Sweet Lady, I believe you have brought all the Freshness of the Country up to Town with you.

[They salute.]

Mill. I came up, Madam, as we Country-Gentlemen use, at an *Easter-Term*, to the destruction of Tarts and Cheese-cakes, to see a new Play, buy a new Gown, take a Turn in the Park, and so down again to sleep with my Fore-fathers.

Sir John. Rather, Madam, you are come up to the breaking of many a poor Heart, that like mine will languish for you.

Chr. I doubt, Madam, you are indispos'd with your Voyage; will you please to see the Lodgings your Father has provided for you?

Mill. To wait upon you, Madam.

L. Dupe. This is the Door — there is a Gentleman will wait you immediately in your Lodging, if he might presume on your Commands.

[In Whisper.]

Mill. You mean Sir Martin Mar-all: I am glad he has entrusted his Passion with so discreet a Person.

[In whisper.]

L. Dupe. Sir John, let me intreat you to stay here, that my Father may have Intelligence where to find us.

Sir John. I shall obey you, Madam. *[Exe. Woman.]*

Enter Sir Martin Mar-all.

Sir John. Sir Martin Mar-all! most happily encounter'd! how long have you been come to Town?

Sir Mart. Some three Days since, or thereabouts: But I thank God I am very weary on't already.

Sir John. Why, what's the matter, Man?

Sir

Sir *Mart.* My villainous old Luck still follows me in Gaming ; I never throw the Dice out of my Hand, but my Gold goes after 'em : If I go to Picquet, though it be but with a Novice in't, he will picque and repicque, and capot me twenty times together : And which most mads me, I lose all my Sets when I want but one of up.

Sir *John.* The Pleasure of Play is lost, when one loses at that unreasonable Rate.

Sir *Mart.* But I have sworn not to touch either Cards or Dice this half Year.

Sir *John.* The Oaths of losing Gamesters are most minded ; they forswear Play as an angry Servant does his Mistress, because he loves her but too well.

Sir *Mart.* But I am now taken up with Thoughts of another Nature ; I am in love, Sir.

Sir *John.* That's the worst Game you could have played at, scarce one Woman in an hundred will play with you upon the Square : You venture at more Uncertainty than at a Lottery : For you set your Heart to a whole Sex of Blanks. But is your Mistress Widow, Wife, or Maid ?

Sir *Mart.* I can assure you, Sir, mine is a Maid ; the Heiress of a wealthy Family, fair to a Miracle.

Sir *John.* Does she accept your Service ?

Sir *Mart.* I am the only Person in her Favour.

Enter Warner.

Sir *John.* Is she of Town or Country ?

Warn. How's this ? [*Aside.*

Sir *Mart.* She is of *Kent*, near *Canterbury*.

Warn. What does he mean ? This is his Rival ! — [*Aside.*

Sir *John.* Near *Canterbury*, say you ? I have a small Estate lies thereabouts, and more Concernments than one besides.

Sir *Mart.* I'll tell you then, being at *Canterbury*, it was my Fortune once in the Cathedral Church —

Warn. What do you mean, Sir, to intrust this Man with your Affairs thus ? —

Sir *Mart.* Trust him ? why, he's a Friend of mine.

Warn. No matter for that ; hark you a Word, Sir. —
Sir

Sir Mart. Pr'ythee leave fooling ——— and as I was saying ——— I was in the Church when I first saw this Fair one.

Sir John. Her Name, Sir, I beseech you.

Warn. For Heav'n's sake, Sir, have a care.

Sir Mart. Thou art such a Coxcomb — Her Name's *Milliscent*.

Warn. Now, the Pox take you, Sir, what do you mean?

Sir John. *Milliscent*, say you? That's the Name of my Mistress.

Sir Mart. Lord! what Luck is that now! well, Sir, it happen'd one of her Gloves fell down, I stoop'd to take it up; and in the stooping made her a Compliment ———

Warn. The Devil cannot hold him; now will this thick-skull'd Master of mine tell the whole Story to his Rival ———

Sir Mart. You'll say, 'twas strange, Sir; but at the first Glance we cast on one another, both our Hearts leap'd within us, our Souls met at our Eyes, and with a tickling kind of Pain slid to each other's Breast, and in one Moment settled as close and warm, as if they long had been acquainted with their Lodging. I follow'd her somewhat at a distance, because her Father was with her.

Warn. Yet hold, Sir ———

Sir Mart. Sawcy Rascal, avoid my Sight; must you tutor me? ——— So, Sir, not to trouble you, I enquir'd out her Father's House, without whose Knowledge I did court the Daughter, and both then and often since coming to *Canterbury*, I receiv'd many Proofs of her Kindness to me.

Warn. You had best tell him too, that I am acquainted with her Maid, and manage your Love under-hand with her.

Sir Mart. Well remember'd i'faith, I thank thee for that, I had forgot it I protest! — My *Valet de Chambre*, whom you see here with me, grows me acquainted with her Woman ———

Warn. O the Devil! ———

Sir

Sir Mart. In fine, Sir, this Maid being much in her Mistress's Favour, so well sollicitated my Cause, that in fine, I gain'd from fair Mistress *Millisent* an Assurance of her Kindness, and an Engagement to marry none but me.

Warn. 'Tis very well! you've made a fair Discovery!—

Sir John. A most pleasant Relation, I assure you: You are a happy Man, Sir! but, what occasion brought you now to *London*?

Sir Mart. That was in Expectation to meet my Mistress here; she writ me word from *Canterbury*, she and her Father shortly would be here.

Sir John. She and her Father, said you, Sir?

Warn. Tell him, Sir, for Heav'n's sake tell him all—

Sir Mart. So I will, Sir, without your bidding:—Her Father and she are come up already, that's the Truth on't, and are to lodge by my Contrivance in yon House; the Master of which is a cunning Rascal as any in Town—him I have made my own, for I lodge there.

Warn. You do ill, Sir, to speak so scandalously of my Landlord.

Sir Mart. Peace, or I'll break your Fool's Head—So, that by his Means I shall have free Egress and Regress when I please, Sir—without her Father's Knowledge.

Warn. I am out of Patience to hear this——

Sir John. Methinks you might do well, Sir, to speak openly to her Father.

Sir Mart. Thank you for that i'faith, in speaking to old *Moody* I may soon spoil all.

Warn. So, now he has told her Father's Name, 'tis past Recovery.

Sir John. Is her Father's Name *Moody*, say you?

Sir Mart. Is he of your Acquaintance?

Sir John. Yes, Sir, I know him for a Man who is too wise for you to over-reach; I am certain he will never marry his Daughter to you.

Sir Mart. Why, there's the Jest on't: He shall never know it: 'Tis but your keeping of my Counsel; I'll do as much for you mun——

Sir John. No, Sir, I'll give you better; trouble not your self about this Lady; her Affections are otherwise engaged,

engaged, to my Knowledge — hark in your Ear —
her Father hates a Gamester like a Devil: I'll keep
your Counsel for that too.

Sir Mart. Nay, but this is not all, dear *Sir John*.

Sir John. This is all, I assure you: Only I will make
bold to seek your Mistress out another Lodging.

[Exit *Sir John*.]

Warn. Your Affairs are now put into an excellent Po-
sure, thank your incomparable Discretion — this was a
Stratagem my shallow Wit could ne'er have reach'd, to
make a Confident of my Rival.

Sir Mart. I hope thou art not in earnest, Man! Is he
my Rival?

Warn. 'Slife he has not found it out all this while!
Well, Sir, for a quick Apprehension let you alone.

Sir Mart. How the Devil cam'st thou to know on't?
and why the Devil didst thou not tell me on't?

Warn. To the first of your Devils I answer, her Maid
Rose told me on't: To the second, I wish a thousand
Devils take him that would not hear me.

Sir Mart. O unparallell'd Misfortune!

Warn. O unparallell'd Ignorance! why he left her Fa-
ther at the Water-side, while he led the Daughter to her
Lodging, whither I directed him; so that if you had
not laboured to the contrary, Fortune had plac'd you in
the same House with your Mistress, without the least
Suspicion of your Rival, or of her Father. But 'tis
well you have satisfy'd your talkative Humour: I hope
you have some new Project of your own to set all right
again: For my part, I confess all my Designs for you
are wholly ruin'd; the very Foundations of 'em are
blown up.

Sir Mart. Pr'ythee insult not over the Destiny of a
poor undone Lover, I am punish'd enough for my In-
discretion in my Despair, and have nothing to hope
for now but Death.

Warn. Death is a Bug-word, things are not brought
to that Extremity, I'll cast about to save all yet.

Enter

Enter Lady Dupe.

L. Dupe. O, Sir *Martin*! yonder has been such a stir within; Sir *John*, I fear, smokes your Design, and by all means would have the old Man remove his Lodging; pray God your Man has not play'd false.

Warn. Like enough I have: I am Coxcomb sufficient to do it; my Master knows that none but such a great Calf as I could have done it, such an overgrown Ass, a self-conceited Ideot as I —

Sir Mart. Nay, *Warner* —

Warn. Pray, Sir, let me alone: — what is it to you if I rail upon my self? Now could I break my own Logger-head.

Sir Mart. Nay, sweet *Warner*.

Warn. What a good Master have I, and I to ruin him: O Beast! —

L. Dupe. Not to discourage you wholly, Sir *Martin*, this Storm is partly over.

Sir Mart. As how, dear Cousin?

L. Dupe. When I heard Sir *John* complain of the Landlord, I took the first hint of it, and join'd with him, saying, if he were such an one, I would have nothing to do with him: In short I rattled him so well, that Sir *John* was the first who did desire they might be lodg'd with me, not knowing that I was your Kinswoman.

Sir Mart. Pox on't, now I think on't, I could have found out this my self.

Warn. Are you there again. Sir? — now as I have a Soul —

Sir Mart. Mum, good *Warner*, I did but forget my self a little, I leave my self wholly to you, and my Cousin; get but my Mistress for me, and Claim what-e'er Reward you can desire.

Warn. Hope of Reward will Diligen beget
Find you the Mony, and I'll find the Wit. [Exeunt.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lady Dupe, and Mrs. Christian.

Chr. **I**T happen'd, Madam, just as you said it would;
but was he so concern'd for my feign'd Sickness?

L. Dupe. So much that *Moody* and his Daughter, our
new Guests, take notice of the Trouble, but the Cause
was kept too close for Strangers to divine.

Chr. Heav'n grant he be but deep enough in Love,
and then —

L. Dupe. And then thou shalt distil him into Gold, my
Girl. Yonder he comes, I'll not be seen: — you
know your Lesson, Child. *(Exit.)*

Chr. I warrant you.

Enter Lord Dartmouth.

Lord. Pretty Mistress *Christian*, how glad am I to
meet you thus alone!

Chr. O the Father! what will become of me now?

Lord. No harm I warrant you, but why are you so afraid?

Chr. A poor weak innocent Creature as I am, Heav'n
of his Mercy, how I quake and tremble! I have not yet
claw'd off your last ill Usage, and now I feel my old Fit
come again, my Ears tingle already, and my Back shuts
and opens; ay, just so it began before.

Lord. Nay, my sweet Mistress, be not so unjust to sus-
pect any new Attempt; I am too penitent for my last
Fault, so soon to sin again. — I hope you did not
tell it to your Aunt.

Chr. The more Fool I, I did not.

Lord. You never shall repent your Goodness to me;
but may not I presume there was some little Kindness in
it, which mov'd you to conceal my Crime?

Chr. Methought I would not have my Aunt angry
with you, for all this earthly Good; but yet I'll never
be alone with you again.

Lord.

Lord. Pretty Innocence! let me sit nearer to you: You do not understand what Love I bear you. I vow it is so pure — My Soul's not fully'd with one Spot of Sin: Were you a Sister, or a Daughter to me, with a more holy Flame I could not burn.

Chr. Nay, now you speak high Words — I cannot understand you.

Lord. The Business of my Life shall be but how to make your Fortune, and my Care and Study to advance and see you settled in the World.

Chr. I humbly thank your Lordship.

Lord. Thus I would sacrifice my Life and Fortunes, and in return you cruelly destroy me.

Chr. I never meant you any harm, not I.

Lord. Then what does this white Enemy so near me? [*Touching her Hand glow'd.*] Sure 'tis your Champion, and you arm it thus to bid defiance to me.

Chr. Nay, fie my Lord, in faith you are to blame.

[*Pulling her Hand away.*]

Lord. But I am for fair Wars, an Enemy must first be search'd for privy Armour ere we do engage.

[*Pulls at her Glove.*]

Chr. What does your Lordship mean?

Lord. I fear you bear some Spells and Charms about you, and, Madam, that's against the Law of Arms.

Chr. My Aunt charg'd me not to pull off my Glove for fear of Sun-burning my Hand.

Lord. She did well to keep it from your Eyes, but I will thus preserve it.

[*Hugging her bare Hand.*]

Chr. Why do you crush it so? nay, now you hurt me, nay — if you squeeze it ne'er so hard — there's nothing to come out on't — fie — is this loving one — What makes you take your Breath so short?

Lord. The Devil take me if I can answer her a Word, all my Senses are quite imploy'd another way.

Chr. Ne'er stir, my Lord, I must cry out —

Lord. Then I must stop your Mouth — this Ruby for a Kiss — that is but one Ruby for another.

Chr. This is worse and worse.

Lady within. Why Niece, where are you, Niece?

Lord.

Lord. Pox of her old mouldy Chops.

Chr. Do you hear, my Aunt calls? I shall be hang'd for staying with you — let me go, my Lord: [*Gets from him.*
Enter Lady Dupe.

L. Dupe. My Lord, Heav'n bless me, what makes your Lordship here?

Lord. I was just wishing for you, Madam; your Niece and I have been so laughing at the blunt Humour of your Country-Gentleman — I must go pass an Hour with him. [*Exit Lord.*

Chr. You made a little too much haste; I was just exchanging a Kifs for a Ruby.

L. Dupe. No harm done; it will make him come on the faster: Never full-gorge an Hawk you mean to fly: The next will be a Neck-lace of Pearl, I warrant you.

Chr. But what must I do next?

L. Dupe. Tell him I grew suspicious, and examin'd you whether he made not Love; which you deny'd. Then tell him how my Maids and Daughters watch you; so that you tremble when you see his Lordship.

Chr. And that your Daughters are so envious, that they would raise a false Report to ruin me.

L. Dupe. Therefore you desire his Lordship, as he Loves you, of which you are confident, hence-forward to forbear his Visits to you.

Chr. But how, if he should take me at my Word?

L. Dupe. Why, if the worst come to the worst, he leaves you an honest Woman, and there's an end on't: But fear not that, hold out his Messages, and then he'll write, and that is it, my Bird, which you must drive it to: Then all his Letters will be such Ecstasies, such Vows and Promises, which you must answer short and simply, yet still ply out of 'em your Advantages.

Chr. But, Madam! he's i'th' House, he will not write.

L. Dupe. You Fool — he'll write from the next Chamber to you. And rather than fail, send his Page Post with it upon a Hobby-horse: — Then grant a Meeting, but tell me of it, and I'll prevent him by my being there; he'll curse me, but I care not. When you
are

are alone, he'll urge his Lust, which answer you with Scorn and Anger. —

Chr. As thus, an't please you, Madam. What? Does he think I will be damn'd for him? Defame my Family, ruin my Name, to satisfy his Pleasure?

L. Dupe. Then he will be prophane in's Arguments, urge Nature's Laws to you.

Chr. By'r Lady, and those are shrewd Arguments; but I am resolv'd I'll stop my Ears.

L. Dupe. Then when he sees no other thing will move you, he'll sign a Portion to you beforehand: Take hold of that, and then of what you will. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir John, Mrs. Millisent, and Rose.

Sir John. Now, fair Mrs. Millisent, you see your Chamber, your Father will be busie a few Minutes, and in the mean time permits me the Happiness to wait on you. —

Mill. Methinks you might have chose us better Lodgings, this House is full; the other we saw first, was more convenient.

Sir John. For you perhaps, but not for me: You might have met a Lover there, but I a Rival.

Mill. What Rival?

Sir John. You know Sir Martin, I need not name it to you.

Mill. I know more Men besides him.

Sir John. But you love none besides him: Can you deny your Affection to him?

Mill. You have vex'd me so, I will not satisfy you.

Sir John. Then I perceive I am not likely to be so much oblig'd to you, as I was to him.

Mill. This is Romance, — I'll not believe a word on't. —

Sir John. That's as you please: However 'tis believ'd, his Wit will not much credit your Choice. Madam, do justice to us both; pay his Ingratitude and Folly with your Scorn; my Service with your Love. By this time your Father stays for me: I shall be discreet enough to keep this Fault of yours from him; the Lawyers wait for us to draw your Jointure: And I would beg your Pardon

Pardon for my Absence, but that my Crime is punish'd in it self. [Exit.

Mill. Could I suspect this Usage from a favour'd Servant!

Rose. First hear Sir Martin, ere you quite condemn him; consider 'tis a Rival who accus'd him.

Mill. Speak not a word in his behalf: — Methought too, Sir John call'd him Fool.

Rose. Indeed he has a rare way of acting a Fool, and does it so naturally, it can be scarce distinguish'd.

Mill. Nay he has Wit enough, that's certain.

Rose. How blind Love is!

Enter Warner.

Mill. How now, what's his Business? I wonder after such a Crime, if his Master has the face to send him to me.

Rose. How durst you venture hither? If either Sir John or my old Master see you —

Warn. Pish! they are both gone out.

Rose. They went but to the next Street; ten to one but they return and catch you here.

Warn. Twenty to one I am gone before, and save 'em a labour.

Mill. What says that Fellow to you? What Business can he have here?

Warn. Lord, that your Ladyship should ask that Question, knowing whom I serve!

Mill. I'll hear nothing from your Master.

Warn. Never breathe, but this Anger becomes your Ladyship most admirably; but though you'll hear nothing from him, I hope I may speak a word or two to you from my self, Madam.

Rose. 'Twas a sweet Prank your Master play'd us: A Lady's well helpt up that trusts her Honour in such a Person's Hands: To tell all so, — and to his Rival too. Excuse him if thou canst. [Aside.

Warn. How the Devil should I excuse him? Thou know'st he is the greatest Pop in Nature. —

[Aside to Rose.

Rose. But my Lady does not know it; if she did —

Mill. I'll have no whispering.

Warn.

Warn. Alas, Madam, I have not the Confidence to speak out, unless you can take Mercy on me.

Mill. For what?

Warn. For telling Sir *John* you lov'd my Master, Madam. But sure I little thought he was his Rival.

Rose. The witty Rogue has taken't on himself. [*Afide.*]

Mill. Your Master then is innocent?

Warn. Why, could your Ladyship suspect him guilty? Pray tell me, do you think him ungrateful, or a Fool?

Mill. I think him neither.

Warn. Take it from me, you see not the Depth of him. But when he knows what Thoughts you harbour of him, as I am faithful, and must tell him — I wish he does not take pet, and leave you.

Mill. Thou art not mad, I hope, to tell him on't; if thou dost, I'll be sworn I'll forswear it to him.

Warn. Upon Condition then you'll pardon me, I'll see what I can do to hold my Tongue.

Mill. This Evening in St. *James's* Park I'll meet him. [*Knock within.*]

Warn. He shall not fail you, Madam.

Rose. Some Body knocks — Oh, Madam, what shall we do! 'tis Sir *John*, I hear his Voice.

Warn. What will become of me?

Mill. Step quickly behind that Door. [*Warner goes out.*]

To them Sir *John*.

Mill. You've made a quick dispatch, Sir.

Sir John. We have done nothing, Madam, our Man of Law was not within — but I must look some Writings.

Mill. Where are they laid?

Sir John. In the Portmanteau in the Drawing-Room.

[*Is going to the Door.*]

Mill. Pray stay a little, Sir —

Warn. [*At the Door.*] He must pass just by me; and if he sees me, I am but a dead Man.

Sir John. Why are you thus concern'd? why do you hold me?

Mill. Only a Word or two I have to tell you. 'Tis of Importance to you —

Sir John. Give me leave —

Mill.

Mill. I must not, before I discover the Plot to you.

Sir John. What Plot?

Mill. Sir Martin's Servant, like a Rogue, comes hither to tempt me, from his Master, to have met him.

Warn. [At the Door.] Now would I had a good Bag of Gun-powder at my Breech, to ram me into some Hole.

Mill. For my part I was so startled at the Message, that I shall scarcely be my self these two Days.

Sir John. Oh that I had the Rascal! I would teach him to come upon such Errands.

Warn. Oh for a gentle Composition now! an Arm or Leg I would give willingly.

Sir John. What Answer did you make the Villain?

Mill. I over-reach'd him clearly, by a Promise of an Appoinment of a Place I nam'd, where I ne'er meant to come: But would have had the Pleasure first to tell you how I serv'd him.

Sir John. And then to chide your mean Suspicion of me, indeed I wonder'd you should love a Fool. But where did you appoint to meet him?

Mill. In Grays-Inn Walks.

Warn. By this Light, she has put the Change upon him! O sweet Woman-kind, how I love thee for that heav'nly Gift of Lying!

Sir John. For this Evening I will be his Mistress; he shall meet another Penelope than he suspects.

Mill. But stay not long away.

Sir John. You over-joy me, Madam. [Exit.]

Warn. [Entring.] Is he gone, Madam?

Mill. As far as Grays-Inn Walks: Now I have time to walk the other way, and see thy Master.

Warn. Rather let him come hither: I have laid a Plot shall send his Rival far enough from watching him ere long.

Mill. Art thou in earnest?

Warn. 'Tis so design'd, Fate cannot hinder it. Our Landlord where we lie, vex'd that his Lodgings should be so left by Sir John, is resolv'd to be reveng'd, and I have found the way. You'll see th' effect on't presently.

Rose. O Heav'ns! the Door opens again, and Sir John is return'd once more, Enter

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. Half my Business was forgot; you did not tell me when you were to meet him. Ho! What makes this Rascal here?

Warn. 'Tis well you're come, Sir, else I must have left untold a Message I have for you.

Sir John. Well, what's your Business, Sirrah?

Warn. We must be private first; 'tis only for your Ear.

Rose. I shall admire his Wit, if in this plunge he can get off.

Warn. I came hither, Sir, by my Master's Order.—

Sir John. I'll reward you for it, Sirrah, immediately.

Warn. When you know all, I shall deserve it, Sir; I came to sound the Virtue of your Mistress; which I have done so cunningly, I have at last obtain'd the Promise of a Meeting. But my good Master, whom I must confess more generous than wise, knowing you had a Passion for her, is resolv'd to quit: And, Sir, that you may see how much he loves you, sent me in private to advise you still to have an Eye upon her Actions.

Sir John. Take this Diamond for thy good News; and give thy Master my Acknowledgments.

Warn. Thus the World goes, my Masters, he that will cozen you, commonly gets your Good will into the Bargain. *[Aside.]*

Sir John. Madam, I am now satisfy'd of all sides; first of your Truth, then of Sir Martin's Friendship. In short, I find you two cheated each other, both to be true to me.

Mill. Warner is got off as I would wish, and the Knight over-reach'd.

Enter to them the Landlord disguis'd like a Carrier.

Rose. How now! what would this Carrier have?

Warn. This is our Landlord whom I told you of; but keep your Countenance. *[Aside to her.]*

Land. I was looking here-away for one Sir John Swallow; they told me I might hear News of him in this House.

Sir

Sir *John*. Friend, I am the Man; What have you to say to me?

Land. Nay, Faith Sir, I am not so good a Schollard to say much, but I have a Letter for you in my Pouch: There's plaguy News in it; I can tell you that.

Sir *John*. From whom is your Letter?

Land. From your old Uncle *Anthony*.

Sir *John*. Give me your Letter quickly.

Land. Nay, soft and fair goes far. ——— Hold you, hold you. It is not in this Pocket.

Sir *John*. Search in the other then; I stand on Thorns.

Land. I think I feel it now, this should be who.

Sir *John*. Pluck it out then.

Land. I'll pluck out my Spectacles and see first. [*Reads.*] To Mr. *Paul Grimbard* ——— Apprentice to ——— No, that's not for you, Sir, ——— that's for the Son of the Brother of the Nephew of the Cousin of my Gossip *Dobson*.

Sir *John*. Pr'ythee dispatch; do'st thou not know the Contents on't?

Land. Yes, as well as I do my *Pater Noster*.

Sir *John*. Well, what's the Business on't?

Land. Nay, no great Business; 'tis but only that your Worship's Father's dead.

Sir *John*. My Loss is beyond Expression! how dy'd he?

Land. He went to Bed as well to see to as any Man in England, and when he awaken'd the next Morning ———

Sir *John*. What then?

Land. He found himself stark dead.

Sir *John*. Well, I must of necessity take orders for my Father's Funeral, and my Estate; Heav'n knows with what Regret I leave you, Madam.

Mill. But are you in such haste, Sir? I see you take all occasions to be from me.

Sir *John*. Dear Madam, say not so; a few Days will, I hope, return me to you.

To them Sir Martin.

Noble Sir *Martin*, the welcomest Man alive! let me embrace my Friend.

110 Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL.

Rose. How untowardly he returns the Salute! *Warner* will be found out. [*Aside.*

Sir John. Well Friend! you have oblig'd me to you eternally.

Sir Mart. How have I oblig'd you, Sir? I would have you to know I scorn your Words; and I would I were hang'd, if it be not the farthest off my Thoughts.

Mill. O cunning Youth, he acts the Fool most naturally. Were we alone, how would we laugh together! [*Aside.*

Sir John. This is a double Generosity, to do me Favours, and conceal 'em from me; but honest *Warner* here has told me all.

Sir Mart. What has the Rascal told you?

Sir John. Your Plot to try my Mistress for me — you understand me, concerning your Appointment.

Warn. Sir, I desire to speak in private with you.

Sir Mart. This impertinent Rascal, when I am most busy, I am ever troubled with him.

Warn. But it concerns you I should speak with you, good Sir.

Sir Mart. That's a good one i'faith, thou know'st Breeding well, that I should whisper with a Serving-man before Company.

Warn. Remember, Sir, last time it had been better —

Sir Mart. Peace, or I'll make you feel my double Fists; if I don't fright him, the sawcy Rogue will call me Fool before the Company.

Mill. That was acted most naturally again. [*Aside.*

Sir John. [To him.] But what needs this dissembling, since you are resolv'd to quit my Mistress to me?

Sir Mart. I quit my Mistress! that's a good one i'faith.

Mill. Tell him you have forsaken me. [*Aside.*

Sir Mart. I understand you, Madam, you would save a Quarrel; but i'faith I'm not so base: I'll see him hang'd first.

Warn. Madam, my Master is convinc'd, in Prudence he should say so: But Love o'ermasters him; when you are gone perhaps he may.

Mill. I'll go then: Gentlemen, your Servant; I see my Presence brings constraint to the Company.

[*Exeunt Mill. and Rose.*

Sir John.

Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL. III

Sir *John*. I'm glad she's gone ; now we may talk more freely ; for if you have not quitted her, you must.

Warn. Pray, Sir, remember your self; did not you send me of a Message to Sir *John*, that for his Friendship you had left *Mistress Milliscent*?

Sir *Mart*. Why, what an impudent lying Rogue art thou!

Sir *John*. How's this! has *Warner* cheated me?

Warn. Do not suspect it in the least: You know, Sir, it was not generous before a Lady, to say he quitted her.

Sir *John*. O! was that it?

Warn. That was all: Say Yes, good Sir *John* — or I'll swinge you! [Aside.]

Sir *Mart*. Yes, good Sir *John*.

Warn. That's well, once in his Life he has heard good Counsel.

Sir *Mart*. Heigh, heigh, what makes my Landlord here? he has put on a Fool's Coat, I think, to make us laugh.

Warn. The Devil's in him, he's at it again; his Folly's like a Sore in a surfeited Horse; cure it in one Place, and it breaks out in another.

Sir *Mart*. Honest Landlord i'faith, and what makes you here?

Sir *John*. Are you acquainted with this honest Man?

Land. Take heed what you say, Sir. [To Sir *Mart*. softly.]

Sir *Mart*. Take heed what you say, Sir! why? whom should I be afraid of? of you, Sir? I say, Sir, I know him, Sir; and I have reason to know him, Sir; for I am sure I lodge in his House, Sir — nay, never think to terrify me, Sir; 'tis my Landlord here in *Charles-street*, Sir.

Land. Now I expect to be paid for the News I brought him.

Sir *John*. Sirrah, did not you tell me that my Father —

Land. Is in very good Health, for ought I know, Sir; I beseech you to trouble your self no farther concerning him.

Sir *John*. Who set you on to tell this Lye?

Sir *Mart*. Ay, who set you on, Sirrah? This was a Rogue that would cozen us both; he thought I did not know him: Down on your Marrowbones, and confess the Truth: Have you no Tongue, you Rascal?

Sir *John*. Sure 'tis some silenc'd Minister: He grows so fat he cannot speak.

Land. Why, Sir, if you would know, 'twas for your sake I did it.

Warn. For my Master's sake! why, you impudent Varlet, do you think to 'scape us with a Lye?

Sir John. How was it for his sake?

Warn. 'Twas for his own, Sir; he heard you were th' occasion the Lady lodg'd not at his House, and so he invented this Lye; partly to revenge himself of you; and partly, I believe, in hope to get her once again when you were gone.

Sir John. Fetch me a Cudgel pr'ythee.

Land. O good Sir! if you beat me I shall run into Oil immediately.

Warn. Hang him Rogue; he's below your Anger: I'll maul him for you — the Rogue's so big, I think 'twill ask two Days to beat him all over. [*Beats him.*]

Land. O Rogue, O Villain *Warner!* bid him hold and I'll confess, Sir.

Warn. Get you gone without replying: Must such as you be prating? [*Beats him out.*]

Enter Rose.

Rose. Sir, Dinner waits you on the Table.

Sir John. Friend, will you go along, and take part of a bad Repast?

Sir Mart. Thank you; but I am just risen from Table.

Warn. Now he might sit with his Mistress, and has not the Wit to find it out.

Sir John. You shall be very welcome.

Sir Mart. I have no Stomach, Sir.

Warn. Get you in with a Vengeance: You have a better Stomach than you think you have. [*Pushes him.*]

Sir Mart. This hungry *Diego* Rogue would shame me; he thinks a Gentleman can eat like a Serving-man.

Sir John. If you will not, adieu, dear Sir; in any thing command me. [*Exit.*]

Sir Mart. Now we are alone; han't I carry'd Matters bravely, Sirrah?

Warn. O yes, yes, you deserve Sugar-plums; first for your quarrelling with *Sir John*; then for discovering your Landlord, and lastly for refusing to dine with your Mistress. All this is since the last Reckoning was wip'd out.

Sir Mart.

Sir Mart. Then why did my Landlord disguise himself, to make a Fool of us?

Warn. You have so little Brains, that a Penn'orth of Butter melted under 'em, would set 'em afloat: He put on that Disguise, to rid you of your Rival.

Sir Mart. Why was not I worthy to keep your Counsel then?

Warn. It had been much at one: You would but have drunk the Secret down, and pifs'd it out to the next Company.

Sir Mart. Well, I find I am a miserable Man: I have lost my Mistress, and may thank my self for't.

Warn. You'll not confess you are a Fool, I warrant.

Sir Mart. Well I am a Fool, if that will satisfy you: But what am I the nearer for being one?

Warn. O yes, much the nearer; for now Fortune's bound to provide for you; as Hospitals are built for lame People, because they cannot help themselves. Well; I have a Project in my Pate.

Sir Mart. Dear Rogue, what is't?

Warn. Excuse me for that: But while 'tis set a working, you would do well to scrue your self into her Father's good Opinion.

Sir Mart. If you will not tell me, my Mind gives me I shall discover it again.

Warn. I'll lay it as far out of your reach as I can possibly.

———— For Secrets are edg'd Tools,
And must be kept from Children and from Fools. [*Exit.*]





A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Rose and Warner meeting.

Rose. Y Our Worship's most happily encounter'd.

Warn. Your Ladyship's most fortunately met.

Rose. I was going to your Lodging.

Warn. My Business was to yours.

Rose. I have something to say to you that —

Warn. I have that to tell you —

Rose. Understand then —

Warn. If you'll hear me —

Rose. I believe that —

Warn. I am of Opinion, that —

Rose. Pr'ythee hold thy Peace a little, till I have done.

Warn. Cry you Mercy, Mistress *Rose*, I'll not dispute your ancient Privileges of talking.

Rose. My Mistress, knowing Sir *John* was to be abroad upon Business this Afternoon, has asked leave to see a Play: and Sir *John* has so great a Confidence of your Master, that he will trust no Body with her, but him.

Warn. If my Master gets her out, I warrant her, he shall show her a better Play than any is at either of the Houses — here they are: I'll run and prepare him to wait upon her. [Exit.]

Enter old Moody, Mrs. Millisent, and Lady Dupe.

Mill. My Hood and Scarfs there, quickly.

L. Dupe. Send to call a Coach there.

Mood. But what kind of Man is this Sir *Martin*, with whom you are to go?

L. Dupe. A plain down-right Country Gentleman, I assure you.

Mood.

Mood. I like him much the better for't. For I hate one of those you call a Man o' th' Town, one of those empty Fellows of meer Out-side : They've nothing of the true old *English* Manliness.

Rose. I confess, Sir, a Woman's in a bad Condition, that has nothing to trust to, but a Peruke above, and a well-trim'd Shoe below.

To them Sir Martin.

Mill. This, Sir, is Sir *John's* Friend, he is for your Humour, Sir, he is no Man o' th' Town, but bred up in the old *Elizabeth* Way of Plainness.

Sir Mart. Ay, Madam, your Ladyship may say your Pleasure of me.

To them Warner.

Warn. How the Devil got he here before me ! 'Tis very unlucky I could not see him first ———

Sir Mart. But, as for Painting, Musick, Poetry, and the like, I'll say this of my self ———

Warn. I'll say that for him, my Master understands none of'em, I assure you, Sir.

Sir Mart. You impudent Rascal, hold your Tongue : I must rid my Hands of this Fellow ; the Rogue is ever discrediting me before Company.

Mood. Never trouble your self about it, Sir, for I like a Man that ———

Sir Mart. I know you do, Sir, and therefore I hope you'll think never the worse of me for his prating : For, though I do not boast of my own good Parts ———

Warn. He has none to boast of, upon my Faith, Sir.

Sir Mart. Give him not the Hearing, Sir ; for, if I may believe my Friends, they have flatter'd me with an Opinion of more ———

Warn. Of more than their Flattery can make good, Sir ; ——— 'tis true he tells you, they have flatter'd him ; but, in my Conscience, he is the most downright simple-natur'd Creature in the World.

Sir Mart. I shall consider you hereafter, Sirrah ; but I am sure in all Companies I pass for a *Vertuoso*.

Mood. *Vertuoso* ! What's that too ? is not *Vertue* enough without *O so* ?

Sir *Mart.* You have Reason, Sir!

Mood. There he is again too; the Town Phrase, a great Compliment I wils; you have Reason, Sir; that is, you are no Beast, Sir.

Warn. A Word in private, Sir; you mistake this old Man; he loves neither Painting, Musick, nor Poetry; yet recover your self, if you have any Brains.

[*Aside to him.*

Sir *Mart.* Say you so? I'll bring all about again I warrant you — I beg your Pardon a thousand times, Sir; I vow to gad I am not Master of any of those Perfections; for, in fine, Sir, I am wholly ignorant of Painting, Musick, and Poetry; only some rude Escapes — but, in fine, they are such, that, in fine, Sir —

Warn. This is worse than all the rest. [*Aside.*

Mood. By Coxbones, one Word more of all this Gibberish, and old Madge shall fly about your Ears: What is this *in fine* he keeps such a Coil with too?

Mill. 'Tis a Phrase *a-la-mode*, Sir, and is us'd in Conversation now, as a Whiff of Tobacco was formerly in the midst of a Discourse for a thinking While.

L. Dupe. In plain *English*, *in fine*, is, in the end, Sir.

Mood. But by Coxbones there is no end on't me-thinks: If thou wilt have a foolish Word to lard thy lean Discourse with, take an *English* one when thou speakest *English*! as, So Sir, And then Sir, And so forth; 'tis a more manly kind of Nonsense: And a Pox of *in fine*, for I'll hear no more on't.

Warn. He's gravell'd, and I must help him out.

[*Aside.*

Madam, there's a Coach at Door to carry you to the Play.

Sir *Mart.* Which House do you mean to go to?

Mill. The Duke's, I think.

Sir *Mart.* It is a damn'd Play, and has nothing in't.

Mill. Then let us to the King's.

Sir *Mart.* That's e'en as bad.

Warn.

Warn. This is past enduring. [*Aside.*] There was an ill Play set up, Sir, on the Posts; but I can assure you the Bills are alter'd since you saw 'em, and now there are two admirable Comedies at both Houses.

Mood. But my Daughter loves serious Plays.

Warn. They are Tragi-Comedies, Sir, for both.

Sir Mart. I have heard her say, she loves none but Tragedies.

Mood. Where have you heard her say so, Sir?

Warn. Sir, you forget your self, you never saw her in your Life before.

Sir Mart. What, not at *Canterbury*, in the Cathedral Church there? This is the impudentest Rascal ———

Warn. Mum, Sir ———

Sir Mart. Ah Lord, what have I done! As I hope to be fav'd, Sir, it was before I was aware; for if ever I set Eyes on her before this Day — I wish —

Mood. This Fellow is not so much Fool, as he makes one believe he is.

Mill. I thought he would be discover'd for a Wit: This 'tis to over-act one's Part! [*Aside.*]

Mood. Come away Daughter, I will not trust you in his Hands; there's more in't than I imagin'd.

[*Exeunt Moody, Mill. Lady Dupe, and Rose.*]

Sir Mart. Why do you frown upon me so, when you know your Looks go to the Heart of me? what have I done besides a little *lapsus Linguae*?

Warn. Why, who says you have done any thing? You, a meer Innocent!

Sir Mart. As the Child that's to be born, in my Intentions; if I know how I have offended, my self, any more than in one Word. ———

Warn. But don't follow me however — I have nothing to say to you.

Sir Mart. I'll follow you to the World's End, 'till you forgive me.

Warn. I am resolv'd to lead you a Dance then.

[*Exit running.*]

Sir Mart. The Rogue has no Mercy in him, but I must mollify him with Money. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lady Dupe.

L. Dupe. Truly my little Cousin's the aptest Scholar, and takes out Love's Lessons so exactly, that I joy to see it: She has got already the Bond of two thousand Pound seal'd for her Portion, which I keep for her; a pretty good Beginning: 'Tis true, I believe he has enjoy'd her, and so let him; *Mark Anthony* woo'd not at so dear a Price.

Enter to her Christian.

Chr. O Madam, I fear I am breeding!

L. Dupe. A taking Wench! but 'tis no matter; have you told any Body?

Chr. I have been venturing upon your Foundations, a little to dissemble.

L. Dupe. That's a good Child, I hope it will thrive with thee, as it has with me: Heav'n has a Blessing in store upon our Endeavours.

Chr. I feign'd my self sick, and kept my Bed; my Lord, he came to visit me, and in the end I disclos'd it to him in the saddest Passion.

L. Dupe. This frighten'd him, I hope, into a Study how to cloak your Disgrace, lest it should have vent to his Lady.

Chr. 'Tis true; but all the while I subtly drove it, that he should name you to me as the fittest Instrument of the Concealment; but how to break it to you, strangely does perplex him: He has been seeking you all o'er the House; therefore I'll leave your Ladyship, for fear we should be seen together. *[Exit.]*

L. Dupe. Now I must play my Part:
Nature, in Women, teaches more than Art.

Enter Lord.

Lord. Madam, I have a Secret to impart; a sad one too, and have no Friend to trust but only you.

L. Dupe. Your Lady or your Children sick?

Lord. Not that I know.

L. Dupe. You seem to be in Health.

Lord. In Body, not in Mind.

L. Dupe. Some scruple of Conscience, I warrant; my Chaplain shall resolve you.

Lord.

Lord. Madam, my Soul's tormented.

L. Dupe. O take heed of Despair, my Lord!

Lord. Madam, there is no Medicine for this Sickness, but only you; your Friendship's my safe Haven, else I am lost, and Ship-wrack'd.

L. Dupe. Pray tell me what it is.

Lord. Could I express it by sad Sighs and Groans, or drown it with my self in Seas of Tears, I should be happy, would, and would not tell.

L. Dupe. Command whatever I can serve you in, I will be faithful still to all your Ends, provided they be just and virtuous.

Lord. That Word has stopt me.

L. Dupe. Speak out, my Lord, and boldly tell what 'tis.

Lord. Then in Obedience to your Commands; your Cousin is with Child.

L. Dupe. Which Cousin?

Lord. Your Cousin *Christian*, here i' th' House.

L. Dupe. Alas! then she has stol'n a Marriage, and undone her self: Some young Fellow, on my Conscience, that's a Beggar; Youth will not be advis'd; well, I'll never meddle more with Girls; one is no more assur'd of 'em, than Grooms of Mules, they'll strike when least one thinks on't: But pray your Lordship, what is her Choice then for a Husband?

Lord. She is not married that I know of, Madam.

L. Dupe. Not married! 'tis impossible, the Girl does sure abuse you. I know her Education has been such, the Flesh could not prevail; therefore she does abuse you, it must be so.

Lord. Madam, not to abuse you longer, she is with Child, and I the unfortunate Man who did this most unlucky Act.

L. Dupe. You! I'll never believe it.

Lord. Madam, 'tis too true; believe it, and be serious how to hide her Shame; I beg it here upon my Knees.

L. Dupe. Oh, oh, oh!

[*She faints away.*]

Lord. Who's there? Who's there? Help, help, help!

Enter

Enter two Women, Rose and Penelope.

1 *Wom.* O merciful God, my Lady's gone!

2 *Wom.* Whither?

1 *Wom.* To Heav'n, God knows to Heav'n!

Rose. Rub her, rub her; fetch warm Cloaths!

2 *Wom.* I say, run to the Cabinet of Quintessence;
Gilbert's Water! Gilbert's Water!

1 *Wom.* Now all the good Folks of Heav'n look
down upon her.

Mill. Set her in the Chair.

Rose. Open her Mouth with a Dagger or a Key;
pour, pour. Where's the Spoon?

2 *Wom.* She stirs! she revives! merciful to us all!
what a thing was this? speak, Lady, speak!

L. Dupe. So, so, so!

Mill. Alas! my Lord, how came this Fit?

Lord. With Sorrow, Madam.

L. Dupe. Now I am better: *Bess*, you have not seen
me thus?

1 *Wom.* Heav'n forefend that I should live to see you
so again.

L. Dupe. Go, go, I'm pretty well; withdraw into
the next Room; but be near, I pray, for fear of the
worst. [*They go out.*] — My Lord, sit down near me I
pray, I'll strive to speak a few Words to you, and
then to Bed: — nearer, my Voice is faint — My
Lord, Heav'n knows how I have ever lov'd you; and,
is this my Reward? Had you none to abuse but me in
that unfortunate fond Girl, that you know was dearer to
me than my Life? This was not Love to her, but an
inveterate Malice to poor me. Oh, oh. — [*Faints again.*]

Lord. Help, help, help!

All the Women again.

1 *Wom.* This Fit will carry her: Alas, it is a Lechery!

2 *Wom.* The Balfom, the Balfom!

1 *Wom.* No, no, the Chymistry Oyl of Rosemary:
Hold her up, and give her Air.

Mill. Feel whether she breathes, with your Hand be-
fore, her Mouth.

Rose.

Rose. No, Madam, 'tis Key-cold.

1 *Wom.* Look up, dear Madam, if you have any hope of Salvation!

2 *Wom.* Hold up your Finger, Madam, if you have any hope of Fraternity. O the blessed Saints that hear me not, take her Mortality to them.

L. Dupe. Enough, so 'tis well ——— withdraw, and let me rest a while; only my dear Lord remain.

1 *Wom.* Pray your Lordship keep her from swabbing.

[*Exeunt Women.*]

Lord. Here humbly once again, I beg your Pardon and your Help.

L. Dupe. Heav'n forgive you, and I do: Stand up, my Lord, and sit close by me: O this naughty Girl! but did your Lordship win her soon?

Lord. No, Madam, but with much Difficulty.

L. Dupe. I'm glad on't; it shew'd the Girl had some Religion in her, all my Precepts were not in vain: But you Men are strange Tempters; good my Lord, where was this wicked Act then first committed?

Lord. In an Out-Room upon a Trunk.

L. Dupe. Poor Heart, what shift Love makes! Oh, she does love you dearly, tho' to her Ruin! and then what Place, my Lord?

Lord. An old waste Room, with a decay'd Bed in't.

L. Dupe. Out upon that dark Room for Deeds of Dark-ness! and that rotten Bed! I wonder it did hold your Lordship's Vigour: But you dealt gently with the Girl. Well, you shall see I love you: For I will manage this Business to both your Advantages, by the Assistance of Heav'n I will; good my Lord help, lead me out. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Warner and Rose.

Rose. A Mischief upon all Fools! do you think your Master has not done wisely? First to mistake our old Man's Humour, then to dispraise the Plays; and lastly, to discover his Acquaintance with my Mistress: My old Master has taken such a Jealousy of him, that he will never admit him into his sight again.

Warn. Thou mak'st thy self a greater Fool than he, by being angry at what he cannot help ——— I have been
angry?

angry with him too; but these Friends have taken up the Quarrel. — [*Shews Gold*] Look you, he has sent these Mediators to mitigate your Wrath: Here are twenty of 'em have made a long Voyage from *Guinea* to kiss your Hands: And when the Match is made, there are an hundred more in readiness to be your humble Servants.

Rose. Rather than fall out with you, I'll take 'em; but I confess, it troubles me to see so loyal a Lover have the Heart of an Emperor, and yet scarce the Brains of a Cobler.

Warn. Well, what Device can we two beget betwixt us, to separate Sir *John Swallow* and thy Mistress?

Rose. I cannot on the sudden tell; but I hate him worse than foul Weather without a Coach.

Warn. Then I'll see if my Project be luckier than thine. Where are the Papers concerning the Jointure I have heard you speak of?

Rose. They lie within in three great Bags, some twenty Reams of Paper in each Bundle with six Lines in a Sheet: But there is a little Paper where all the Business lies.

Warn. Where is it? Canst thou help me to it?

Rose. By good Chance he gave it to my Custody before he set out for *London*. You came in good time, here it is, I was carrying it to him; just now he sent for it.

Warn. So, this I will secure in my Pocket; when thou art ask'd for it, make two or three bad Faces, and say 'twas left behind: By this means, he must of Necessity leave the Town, to see for it in *Kent*.

Enter Sir John, Sir Martin, Mrs. Milliscent.

Sir John. 'Tis no matter, though the old Man be suspicious; I knew the Story all before-hand; and since then you have fully satisfy'd me of your true Friendship to me.

Where are the Writings? [*To Rose.*]

Rose. Sir, I beg your Pardon; I thought I had put 'em up amongst my Lady's Things, and it seems in my haste, I quite forgot 'em, and left 'em at *Canterbury*.

Sir John. This is horribly unlucky! where do you think you left 'em?

Rose. Upon the great Box in my Lady's Chamber; they are safe enough I'm sure.

Sir John.

Sir John. It must be so ——— I must take Post immediately : Madam, for some few Days I must be absent ; and to confirm you, Friend, how much I trust you, I leave the dearest Pledge I have on Earth, my Mistress, to your Care.

Mill. If you lov'd me, you would not take all Occasions to leave me thus !

Warn. [*Aside.*] Do, go to Kent, and when you come again, here they are ready for you. [*Shows the Paper.*]

Sir Mart. What's that you have in your Hand there, Sirrah ?

Warn. Pox, what ill Luck was this ! what shall I say ?

Sir Mart. Sometimes you've Tongue enough, what, are you silent ?

Warn. 'Tis an Accompt, Sir, of what Money you have lost since you came to Town.

Sir Mart. I am very glad on't : Now I'll make you all see the Severity of my Fortune — give me the Paper.

Warn. Heav'n ! what does he mean to do ? It is not fair writ out, Sir.

Sir John. Besides, I am in haste, another time, Sir —

Sir Mart. Pray, oblige me, Sir — 'tis but one Minute : All People love to be pity'd in their Misfortunes, and so do I : Will you produce it, Sirrah ?

Warn. Dear Master !

Sir Mart. Dear Rascal ! am I Master or you ? you Rogue !

Warn. Hold yet, Sir, and let me read it : ——— you cannot read my Hand.

Sir Mart. This is ever his way to be disparaging me ——— but I'll let you see, Sirrah, that I can read your Hand better than you your self can.

Warn. You'll repent it, there's a Trick in't, Sir —

Sir Mart. Is there so, Sirrah ? but I'll bring you out of all your Tricks with a Vengeance to you ——— [*Reads.*] How now ! What's this ? A true Particular of the Estate of Sir John Swallow, Knight, lying and situate in, &c.

Sir John. This is the very Paper I had lost : I'm very glad on't, [*Takes the Paper.*] it has sav'd me a most unwelcome Journey ——— but I will not thank you for the
Cour-

Courtesy, which now I find you never did intend me— this is Confederacy, I smoke it now — Come, Madam, let me wait on you to your Father.

Mill. Well, of a witty Man, this was the foolishhest Part that ever I beheld. [*Exeunt Sir John, Milliscent, and Rose.*]

Sir Mart. I am a Fool, I must confess it, and I am the most miserable one without thy Help — but yet it was such a Mistake as any Man might have made.

Warn. No doubt on't.

Sir Mart. Pr'ythee chide me ! this Indifference of thine wounds me to the Heart.

Warn. I care not.

Sir Mart. Wilt thou not help me for this once ?

Warn. Sir, I kiss your Hands, I have other Business.

Sir Mart. Dear Warner !

Warn. I am inflexible.

Sir Mart. Then I am resolv'd I'll kill my self.

Warn. You are Master of your own Body.

Sir Mart. Will you let me damn my Soul ?

Warn. At your Pleasure, as the Devil and you can agree about it.

Sir Mart. D'ye see, the Point's ready ? Will you do nothing to save my Life ?

Warn. Not in the least.

Sir Mart. Farewel, hard-hearted Warner.

Warn. Adieu, soft-headed Sir Martin.

Sir Mart. Is it possible ?

Warn. Why don't you dispatch, Sir ? why all these Preambles ?

Sir Mart. I'll see thee hang'd first : I know thou wou'dst have me kill'd, to get my Cloaths.

Warn. I knew it was but a Copy of your Countenance ; People in this Age are not so apt to kill themselves.

Sir Mart. Here are yet ten Pieces in my Pocket, take 'em, and let's be Friends.

Warn. You know the Easiness of my Nature, and that makes you work upon it so. Well, Sir — for this once I cast an Eye of Pity on you — but I must have ten more in Hand, before I can stir a Foot.

Sir

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Sir Mart. As I am a true Gamester, I have lost all but these — but if thou'lt lend me them, I'll give 'em thee again.

Warn. I'll rather trust you till to-morrow ;
Once more look up, I bid you hope the best.
Why should your Folly make your Love miscarry,
Since Men first play the Fools, and then they marry?
[*Exeunt.*



ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Martin Mar-all and Warner.

Sir Mart. BUT are they to be married this Day in private, say you?

Warn. 'Tis so concluded, Sir, I dare assure you.

Sir Mart. But why so soon, and in private?

Warn. So soon, to prevent the Designs upon her; and in private, to save the effusion of Christian Money.

Sir Mart. It strikes to my Heart already; in fine, I am a dead Man. — *Warner.*

Warn. Well, go your ways, I'll try what may be done. Look if he will stir now; your Rival and the old Man will see us together, we are just below the Window.

Sir Mart. Thou can'st not do't.

Warn. On the peril of my twenty Pieces be it.

Sir Mart. But I have found a way to help thee out, trust to my Wit but once.

Warn. Name your Wit, or think you have the least Grain of Wit once more, and I'll lay it down for ever.

Sir Mart. You are a sawcy masterly Companion; and so I leave you. *[Exit.]*

Warn. Help, help, good People, Murther! Murther!

Enter Sir John and Moody.

Sir John and Mood. How now, what's the Matter?

Warn. I am abus'd, I am beaten, I am lam'd for ever.

Mood. Who has us'd thee so?

Warn. The Rogue my Master.

Sir John. What was the Offence?

Warn. A trifle, just nothing.

Sir John. That's very strange.

Warn. It was for telling him he lost too much at Play; I meant him nothing but well, Heav'n knows, and he in a cursed damn'd Humour would needs revenge his Losses upon

upon me: A'kick'd me, took away my Money, and turn'd me off; but if I take it at his Hands —

Mood. By Cox-nowns, it was an ill-natur'd Part; nay, I thought no better would come on't, when I heard him at his Vows to gads, and In fines.

Warn. But if I live I'll cry Quittance with him: He had engag'd me to get Mrs. *Millisent* your Daughter for him: but if I do not all that ever I can to make her hate him, a great Booby, an overgrown Oaf, a conceited *Bartholomew* —

Sir John. Pr'ythee leave off thy Choler, and hear me a little: I have had a great mind to thee a long time, if thou think'st my Service better than his, from this Minute I entertain thee.

Warn. With all my Heart, Sir, and so much the rather, that I may spight him with it. — This was the most propitious Fate —

Mood. Propitious! and Fate! what a damn'd Scanderbag Rogue art thou to talk at this rate! hark you, Sirrah, one Word more of this Gibberish, and I'll set you packing from your new Service; I'll neither have Propitious nor Fate come within my Doors. —

Sir John. Nay, pray Father. —

Warn. Good old Sir be pacify'd, I was pouring out a little of the Dregs that I had left in me of my former Service, and now they are gone, my Stomach's clear of 'em.

Sir John. This Fellow is come in an happy Hour; for now, Sir, you and I may go to prepare the Licence, and in the mean time he may have an Eye upon your Daughter.

Warn. If you please I'll wait upon her 'till she's ready, and then bring her to what Church you shall appoint.

Mood. But, Friend, you'll find she'll hang an Arse, and be very loth to come along with you, and therefore I had best stay behind, and bring her my self.

Warn. I warrant you I have a Trick for that, Sir: She knows nothing of my being turn'd away; so I'll come to her as from Sir *Martin*, and under pretence of carrying her to him, conduct her to you.

Sir

Sir John. My better Angel ———

Mood. By th' Mefs 'twas well thought on; well Son, go you before, I'll speak but one Word for a Dish or two at Dinner, and follow you to the Licence-Office. Sirrah — stay you here — 'till my return.

[Ex. Sir John and Moody.

Warn. *solus*. Was there ever such a lucky Rogue as I! I had always a good Opinion of my Wit, but could never think I had so much as now I find. I have now gain'd an Opportunity to carry away Mistress Millisent, for my Master to get his Mistress by means of his Rival, to receive all his Happiness, where he could expect nothing but Misery: After this Exploit I will have Lilly draw me in the Habit of a Heroe, with a Lawrel on my Temples, and an Inscription below it. *This is Warner the Flower of Serving-men.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Pray do me the favour to help me to the Speech of Mr. Moody.

Warn. What's your Business?

Mess. I have a Letter to deliver to him.

Warn. Here he comes, you may deliver it your self to him.

Enter Moody.

Mess. Sir, a Gentleman met me at the Corner of the next Street, and bid me give this into your own Hands.

Mood. Stay, Friend, 'till I have read it.

Mess. He told me, Sir, it requir'd no Answer.

[Exit Mess.

Mood. reads. Sir, permit me, though a Stranger, to give you Counsel; some young Gallants have had Intelligence, that this Day you intend privately to marry your Daughter, the rich Heiress; and, in fine, above twenty of them have dispersed themselves to watch her going out: Therefore put it off, if you will avoid Mischief, and be advised by

Your unknown Servant.

Mood. By the Mackings I thought there was no good in't, when I saw in fine there; there are some Papishes,
I'll

I'll warrant, that lie in wait for my Daughter, or else they are no *Englishmen*, but some of your *French* Outalians-Rogues; I owe him Thanks however, this unknown Friend of mine, that told me on't. *Warner*, no Wedding to Day, *Warner*.

Warn. Why, what's the Matter, Sir?

Mood. I say no more, but some wiser than some, I'll keep my Daughter at home this Afternoon, and a Fig for all these Outalians. [Exit Moody.]

Warn. So, here's another Trick of Fortune as unexpected for bad, as the other was for good. Nothing vexes me, but that I had made my Game cock-sure, and then to be back-gammon'd: It must needs be the Devil that writ this Letter, he ow'd my Master a spite, and has paid him to the purpose: And here he comes as merry too, he little thinks what Misfortune has befall'n him, and for my part I am asham'd to tell him.

Enter Sir Martin laughing.

Sir Mart. *Warner*, such a Jest, *Warner*. [Laughs again.]

Warn. What a Murrain is the Matter, Sir? Where lies this Jest that tickles you?

Sir Mart. Let me laugh out my Laugh, and I'll tell thee. [Laughs again.]

Warn. I wish you may have cause for all this Mirth.

Sir Mart. Hereafter, *Warner*, be it known unto thee, I will endure no more to be thy May-game: Thou shalt no more dare to tell me, I spoil thy Projects, and discover thy Designs; for I have play'd such a Prize, without thy Help, of my own Mother-wit, ('tis true I am hasty sometimes, and so do Harm; but when I have a Mind to shew my self, there's no Man in *England*, though I say't, comes near me as to point of Imagination) I'll make thee acknowledge I have laid a Plot that has a Soul in't.

Warn. Pray, Sir, keep me no longer in Ignorance of this rare Invention.

Sir Mart. Know then, *Warner*, that when I left thee, I was possess'd with a terrible Fear, that my Mistress should be married. Well, thought I to my self, and must'ring up all the Forces of my Wit, I did produce such a Stratagem.

Warn.

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Warn. But what was it ?

Sir Mart. I feign'd a Letter as from an unknown Friend to *Moody*, wherein I gave him to understand, that if his Daughter went out this Afternoon, she would infallibly be snapt by some young Fellows that lay in wait for her.

Warn. Very good.

Sir Mart. That which follows is yet better ; for he I sent assures me, that in that very nick of time my Letter came, her Father was just sending her abroad with a very foolish rascally Fellow that was with him.

Warn. And did you perform all this a'god's Name? could you do this wonderful Miracle without giving your Soul to the Devil for his Help?

Sir Mart. I tell thee Man I did it, and it was done by the Help of no Devil, but this Familiar of my own Brain ; how long would it have been ere thou could'st have thought of such a Project ? *Martin* said to his Man, *Who's the Fool now ?*

Warn. Who's the Fool ? why, who uses to be the Fool ? he that ever was since I knew him, and ever will be so!

Sir Mart. What a Pox ! I think thou art grown envious, not one Word in my Commendation ?

Warn. Faith, Sir, my Skill is too little to praise you as you deserve ; but if you would have it according to my poor Ability, you are one that had a Knock in your Cradle, a conceited Lack-wit, a designing Ass, a hair-brain'd Fop, a confounded busy-Brain, with an eternal Wind-mill in it ; this, in short, Sir, is the Contents of your Panegyrick.

Sir Mart. But what the Devil have I done, to set you thus against me ?

Warn. Only this, Sir, I was the foolish rascally Fellow that was with *Moody*, and your Worship was he to whom I was to bring his Daughter.

Sir Mart. But how could I know this ? I am no Witch.

Warn. No, I'll be sworn for you, you are no Conjurer. Will you go, Sir ?

Sir Mart. Will you hear my Justifications ?

Warn. Shall I see the Back of you ? speak not a Word in your Defence.

[*Shoves him.*

Sir

Sir Mart. This is the strangest Luck now — [Exit.

Warn. I'm resolv'd this Devil of his shall never weary me, I will overcome him, I will invent something that shall stand good in spite of his Folly. Let me see —

Enter Lord.

Lord. Here he is — I must venture on him, for the Tyranny of this old Lady is unsupportable; since I have made her my Confident, there passes not an Hour but she passes a pull at my Purse-strings; I shall be ruined if I do not quit my self of her suddenly: I find now, by sad Experience, that a Mistress is much more chargeable than a Wife, and after a little time too, grows full as dull and insignificant. — Mr. Warner! have you a mind to do your self a Courtesy, and me another?

Warn. I think, my Lord, the Question need not be much disputed, for I have always had a great Service for your Lordship, and some little Kindness for my self.

Lord. What if you should propose Mistress *Christian* as a Wife to your Master? You know he's never like to compass t'other.

Warn. I cannot tell that, my Lord —

Lord. Five Hundred Pounds are yours at the Day of Marriage.

Warn. Five Hundred Pounds! 'tis true, the Temptation is very sweet, and powerful; the Devil, I confess, has done his Part, and many a good Murder and Treason have been committed at a cheaper rate; but yet —

Lord. What yet —

Warn. To confess the Truth, I am resolv'd to bestow my Master upon that other Lady (as difficult as your Lordship thinks it) for the Honour of my Wit is engag'd in it: Will it not be the same to your Lordship, were she marry'd to any other?

Lord. The very same.

Warn. Come, my Lord, not to dissemble with you any longer, I know where it is that your Shoe wrings you: I have observ'd something in the House, betwixt some Parties that shall be nameless: And know that you have been taking up Linnen at a much dearer rate, than you might have had it at any Draper's in Town.

Lord.

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Lord. I see I have not danc'd in a Net before you.

Warn. As for that old Lady, whom Hell confound, she is the greatest Jilt in Nature, Cheat is her study, all her Joy to cozen, she loves nothing but her self, and draws all Lines to that corrupted Centre.

Lord. I have found her out, though late: First, I'll undertake I ne'er enjoy'd her Niece under the rate of five hundred Pounds a time; never was Woman's Flesh held up so high: Every Night I find out for a new Maiden-head, and she has sold it me as often as ever *Mother Temple, Bennet, or Gifford*, have put off boil'd Capons for Quails and Partridges.

Warn. This is nothing to what Bills you'll have when she's brought to Bed, after her hard Bargain, as they call it; then cramm'd Capons, Pea-hens, Chickens in the grease, Pottages, and Fricacies, Wine from *Sbaitling*, and *La-fronds*, with New-River, clearer by Sixpence the Pound than ever God Almighty made it; then Midwife—Dry Nurse—Wet Nurse—and all the rest of their Accomplices, with Cradle, Baby-Clouts, and Bearing-Cloths—Posset, Cawdels, Broth, Jellies, and Gravies; and behind all these, Glisters, Suppositors, and a barbarous 'Pothecary's Bill, more inhuman than a Tailor's.

Lord. I sweat to think on't.

Warn. Well, my Lord! chear up! I have found a way to rid you of it all, within a short time you shall know more; yonder appears a young Lady whom I must needs speak with, please you go in and prepare the old Lady and your Mistress.

Lord. Good Luck, and five hundred Pounds attend thee. [Exit.]

Enter Millisent and Rose above.

Mill. I am resolv'd I'll never marry him!

Rose. So far you are right, Madam.

Mill. But, how to hinder it, I cannot possibly tell; For my Father presses me to it, and will take no denial: Would I knew some way —

Warn. Madam, I'll teach you the very nearest, for I have just now found it out.

Rose.

Rose. Are you there, Mr. Littleplot?

Warn. Studying to deserve thee, *Rose*, by my Diligence for thy Lady; I stand here, methinks, just like a wooden Mercury, to point her out the way to Matrimony.

Rose. Or, Serving-man like, ready to carry up the hot Meat for your Master, and then to fall upon the cold your self.

Warn. I know not what you call the cold, but I believe I shall find warm Work on't: In the first place then I must acquaint you, that I have seemingly put off my Master, and enter'd my self into Sir *John's* Service.

Mill. Most excellent!

Warn. And thereupon, but base ———

Enter Moody.

Mill. Something he would tell us, but see what Luck's here!

Mood. How now, Sirrah? Are you so great there already?

Mill. I find my Father's jealous of him still!

Warn. Sir, I was only teaching my young Lady a new Song, and if you please you shall hear it.

S I N G S.

*Make ready, fair Lady, to Night,
And stand at the Door below,
For I will be there
To receive you with Care,
And to your true Love you shall go.*

Mood. Ods bobs, this is very pretty.

Mill. Ay, so is the Lady's Answer too, if I could but hit on't.

S I N G S.

*And when the Stars twinkle so bright,
Then down to the Door will I creep,
To my Love will I fly,
E'er the Jealous can spy,
And leave my old Daddy asleep.*

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Mood. Bodikins, I like not that so well, to cozen her old Father ; it may be my own Case another time.

Rose. Oh Madam ! yonder's your Persecutor return'd.

Enter Sir John.

Mill. I'll into my Chamber to avoid the sight of him as long as I can ; Lord ! that my old doating Father should throw me away upon such an *Ignoramus*, and deny me to such a Wit as Sir *Martin*.

[Exeunt Mill. and Rose from above.]

Mood. O Son ! here has been the most villainous Tragedy against you.

Sir John. What Tragedy ? Has there been any Blood shed since I went ?

Mood. No Blood shed, but, as I told you, a most damnable Tragedy.

Warn. A Tragedy ! I'll be hang'd if he does not mean a Stratagem.

Mood. Jack Sawce ! if I say it is a Tragedy, it shall be a Tragedy in spite of you, teach your Grandam how to piss — what — I hope I am old enough to spout *English* with you, Sir.

Sir John. But what was the Reason you came not after me ?

Mood. 'Twas well I did not, I'll promise you, there were those would have made bold with Mistress Bride ; an' if she had stirr'd out of Doors, there were Whipsters abroad i'faith, Padders of Maiden-heads, that would have truss'd her up, and pick'd the Lock of her Affections, ere a Man could have said, what's this : But by good Luck I had warning of it by a Friend's Letter.

Sir John. The Remedy for all such Dangers is easy, you may send for a Parson, and have the Business dispatch'd at home.

Mood. A Match, i'faith, do you provide a *Domine*, and I'll go tell her our Resolutions, and hearten her up against the day of Battel. *[Exit.]*

Sir John. Now I think on't, this Letter must needs come from Sir *Martin* ; a Plot of his, upon my Life, to hinder our Marriage.

Warn.

Warn. I see, Sir, you'll still mistake him for a Wit; but I am much deceiv'd, if that Letter came not from another hand.

Sir John. From whom, I pr'ythee?

Warn. Nay, for that you shall excuse me, Sir, I do not love to make a Breach betwixt Persons that are to be so near related.

Sir John. Thou seem'st to imply that my Mistress was in the Plot.

Warn. Can you make a Doubt on't? Do you not know she ever lov'd him, and can you hope she has so soon forsaken him? You may make your self miserable, if you please, by such a Marriage.

Sir John. When she is once mine, her Virtue will secure me.

Warn. Her Virtue!

Sir John. What, do you make a mock on't?

Warn. Not I, I assure you, Sir, I think it no such jesting Matter.

Sir John. Why, is she not honest?

Warn. Yes, in my Conscience is she, for Sir Martin's Tongue's no Slander.

Sir John. But does he say to the contrary?

Warn. If one would believe him, which for my Part I do not, he has in a manner confes'd it to me.

Sir John. Hell and Damnation!

Warn. Courage, Sir, never vex your self, I'll warrant you 'tis all a Lie.

Sir John. But, how shall I be sure 'tis so?

Warn. When you are married you'll soon make trial, whether she be a Maid or no.

Sir John. I do not love to make that Experiment at my own Cost.

Warn. Then you must never marry.

Sir John. Ay, but they have so many Tricks to cheat a Man, which are entail'd from Mother to Daughter through all Generations; there's no keeping a Lock for that Door, for which every one has a Key.

Warn. As for Example, their drawing up their Breaths with Oh! you hurt me, can you be so cruel? then the

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next Day she steals a Visit to her Lover, that did you the Courtesy before-hand, and in private tells him how she cozened you; twenty to one but she takes out another Lesson with him to practise the next Night.

Sir John. All this while miserable I must be their May-game.

Warn. 'Tis well, if you escape so; for commonly he strikes in with you, and becomes your Friend.

Sir John. Deliver me from such a Friend, that stays behind with my Wife, when I gird on my Sword to go abroad.

Warn. Ay, there's your Man, Sir; besides he will be sure to watch your Haunts, and tell her of them, that if occasion be, she may have where-withal to recriminate: At least she will seem to be jealous of you, and who would suspect a jealous Wife?

Sir John. All manner of ways I am most miserable.

Warn. But, if she be not a Maid when you marry her, she may make a good Wife afterwards; 'tis but imagining you have taken such a Man's Widow.

Sir John. If that were all; but the Man will come and claim her again.

Warn. Examples have been frequent of those that have been wanton, and yet afterwards take up.

Sir John. Ay, the same thing they took up before.

Warn. The Truth is, an honest simple Girl that's Ignorant of all things, maketh the best Matrimony: There is such Pleasure in instructing her; the best is, there's not one Dunce in all the Sex; such a one with a good Fortune ———

Sir John. Ay, but where is she, *Warner*?

Warn. Near enough, but that you are too far engag'd.

Sir John. Engag'd to one that hath given me the Earnest of Cuckoldom before-hand?

Warn. What think you then of Mrs. *Christian* here in the House? There's five thousand Pounds and a better Penny.

Sir John. Ay, but is she Fool enough?

Warn. She's none of the wise Virgins, I can assure you.

Sir

Sir *John*. Dear *Warner*, step into the next Room, and inviegle her out this way, that I may speak to her.

Warn. Remember above all things, you keep this Wooing secret; if it takes the least Wind, old *Moody* will be sure to hinder it.

Sir *John*. Do'st thou think I shall get her Aunt's Consent?

Warn. Leave that to me.

[Exit *Warn*.

Sir *John*. How happy a Man shall I be, if I can but compass this! and what a Precipice have I avoided! then the Revenge too is so sweet to steal a Wife under her Father's Nose, and leave 'em in the Lurch who have abus'd me; well, such a Servant as this *Warner* is a Jewel.

Enter *Warner* and *Mrs. Christian* to him.

Warn. Tnere she is, Sir, now I'll go to prepare her Aunt.

[Exit.

Sir *John*. Sweet Mistress, I am come to wait upon you.

Chr. Truly you are too good to wait on me.

Sir *John*. And in the Condition of a Suitor.

Chr. As how, forsooth?

Sir *John*. To be so happy as to marry you.

Chr. O Lord, I would not marry for any thing!

Sir *John*. Why? 'tis the honest End of Woman-kind.

Chr. Twenty Years hence, forsooth: I would not lye in Bed with a Man for a World, their Beards will so prickle one.

Sir *John*. Pah—— What an innocent Girl it is, and very Child! I like a Colt that never yet was back'd; for so I shall make her what I list, and mould her as I will; Lord! her Innocency makes me laugh my Cheeks all wet—— Sweet Lady——

[Aside.

Chr. I'm but a Gentlewoman, forsooth.

Sir *John*. Well then, sweet Mistress, if I get your Friends Consent, shall I have yours?

Chr. My old Lady may do what she will, forsooth, but by my truly, I hope she will have more care of me, than to marry me yet; Lord bless me, what should I do with a Husband?

Sir *John*. Well, Sweet-heart, then instead of wooing yo, I must wooe my old Lady.

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Chr. Indeed, Gentleman, my old Lady is married already: Cry you mercy, forsooth, I think you are a Knight.

Sir John. Happy in that Title only to make you Lady.

Chr. Believe me, Mr. Knight, I would not be a Lady, it makes Folks proud, and so humourous, and so ill Huswives, forsooth.

Sir John. Pah ——— she's a Baby, the simplest thing that ever yet I knew; the happiest Man I shall be in the World; for should I have my Wish, it should be to keep School, and teach the bigger Girls, and here in one my Wish it is absolv'd.

Enter Lady Dupe.

L. Dupe. By your, leave, Sir; I hope this noble Knight will make you happy, and you make him ———

Chr. What should I make him? [*Sighing.*]

L. Dupe. Marry, you shall make him happy in a good Wife.

Chr. I will not marry, Madam.

L. Dupe. You Fool!

Sir John. Pray, Madam, let me speak with you, on my Soul 'tis the pretty'st Innocent'st thing in the World.

L. Dupe. Indeed, Sir, she knows little besides her Work, and her Prayers; but I'll talk with the Fool.

Sir John. Deal gently with her, dear Madam.

L. Dupe. Come, *Christian*, will not you marry this noble Knight?

Chr. Yes, yes, yes ——— [*Sobbingly!*]

L. Dupe. Sir, it shall be to Night.

Sir John. This Innocence is a Dowry beyond all price.

[*Exeunt old Lady, and Mrs. Christian.*]

Enter Sir Martin, to Sir John musing.

Sir Mart. You are very melancholy methinks, Sir.

Sir John. You are mistaken, Sir.

Sir Mart. You may dissemble as you please, but Mrs. *Millisent* lyes at the Bottom of your Heart.

Sir John. My Heart, I assure you, has no room for so poor a Trifle.

Sir Mart. Sure you think to wheedle me, would you have me imagine you do not Love her?

Sir John.

Sir John. Love her! why should you think me such a
Sot? love a Prostitute. an infamous Person!

Sir Mart. Fair and soft, good Sir John.

Sir John. You see I am no very obstinate Rival, I leave
the Field free to you: Go on, Sir, and pursue your good
Fortune, and be as happy as such a Common Creature can
make thee.

Sir Mart. This is *Hebrew-Greek* to me; but I must
tell you, Sir, I will not suffer my Divinity to be pro-
phan'd by such a Tongue as yours.

Sir John. Believe it; whate'er I say, I can quote my
Author for.

Sir Mart. Then, Sir, whoever told it you, ly'd in his
Throat, d'you see, and deeper than that, d'ye see, in his
Stomach, and his Guts d'ye see: Tell me she's a com-
mon Person! he's a Son of a Whore that said it, and I'll
make him eat his Words, though he spoke 'em in a Privy-
house.

Sir John. What if Warner told me so? I hope you'll
grant him to be a competent Judge in such a Business.

Sir Mart. Did that precious Rascal say it? — Now
I think on't, I'll not believe you: In fine, Sir, I'll hold
you an even Wager he denies it.

Sir John. I'll lay you ten to one, he justifies it to your
Face.

Sir Mart. I'll make him give up the Ghost under my
Fist, if he does not deny it.

Sir John. I'll cut off his Ears upon the Spot, if he does
not stand to't.

Enter Warner.

Sir Mart. Here he comes in Pudding-time to resolve
the Question: Come hither, you lying Varlet, hold up
your Hand at the Bar of Justice, and answer me to what
I shall demand.

Warn. What a Goodier is the matter, Sir?

Sir Mart. Thou Spawn of the old Serpent, fruitful in
nothing but in Lies!

Warn. A very fair Beginning this.

Sir Mart. Didst thou dare to cast thy Venom upon such
a Saint as Mrs. *Millisent*, to traduce her Virtue, and say
it was adulterate?

Warn. Not guilty, my Lord.

Sir Mart. I told you so.

Sir John. How, Mr. Rascal! have you forgot what you said but now concerning Sir *Martin* and Mrs. *Milliscent*? I'll stop the Lie down your Throat, if you dare deny't.

Sir Mart. Say you so! are you there again i'faith?

Warn. Pray pacify your self, Sir, 'twas a Plot of my own devising.

Sir Mart. Leave off your winking and your pinking, with a Horse-pox t'ye, I'll understand none of it; tell me in plain *English* the truth of the Business: For an you were my own Brother, you should pay for it: Believe my Mistress! what a Pox d'ye think I have no sense of Honour?

Warn. What the Devil's the matter w'ye? Either be at quiet, or I'll resolve to take my Heels, and be gone.

Sir Mart. Stop Thief there! what, did you think to 'scape the Hand of Justice? [*Lays hold on him.*] The best on't is, Sirrah, your Heels are not altogether so nimble as your Tongue. [*Beats him.*]

Warn. Help! Murder! Murder!

Sir Mart. Confess, you Rogue, then.

Warn. Hold your Hands, I think the Devil's in you,—I tell you 'tis a Device of mine.

Sir Mart. And have you no Body to devise it on but my Mistress, the very Map of Innocence?

Sir John. Moderate your Anger, good Sir *Martin*.

Sir Mart. By your Patience, Sir, I'll chastise him abundantly.

Sir John. That's a little too much, Sir, by your Favour, to beat him in my Presence.

Sir Mart. That's a good one i'faith, your Presence shall hinder me from beating my own Servant.

Warn. O Traytor to all Sense and Reason! he's going to discover that too.

Sir Mart. An I had a mind to beat him to Mummy, he's my own, I hope.

Sir John. At present, I must tell you, he's mine, Sir.

Sir Mart. Hey-day! here's fine juggling!

Warn.

Warn. Stop yet, Sir, you are just upon the Brink of a Precipice.

Sir Mart. What is't thou mean'st now? — ah Lord! my Mind mis-gives me I have done some Fault, but would I were hang'd if I can find it out. [*Aside.*]

Warn. There's no making him understand me.

Sir Mart. Pox on't, come what will, I'll not be fac'd down with a Lie; I say he is my Man.

Sir John. Pray remember your self better; did not you turn him away for some Fault lately, and laid a Livery of black and blue on his Back before he went?

Sir Mart. The Devil of any Fault, or any black and blue that I remember: Either the Rascal put some Trick upon you, or you would upon me.

Sir John. O-ho, then it seems the cudgelling and turning away were pure Invention; I am glad I understand it.

Sir Mart. In fine, it's all so damn'd a Lie —

Warn. Alas! he has forgot it, Sir; good Wits, you know, have bad Memories.

Sir John. No, no, Sir, that shall not serve your Turn; you may return when you please to your old Master, I give you a fair Discharge, and a glad Man I am to be so rid of you: Were you thereabouts i'faith? What a Snake I had entertain'd into my Bosom? Fare you well, Sir, and lay your next Plot better between you, I advise you. [*Exit Sir John.*]

Warn. Lord, Sir, how you stand! as you were nip'd i'th' head: Have you done any new Piece of Folly, that makes you look so like an Ass?

Sir Mart. Here's three pieces of Gold yet, if I had the Heart to offer it thee. [*Holds the Gold afar off trembling.*]

Warn. Noble Sir, what have I done to deserve so great a Liberality? I confess if you had beaten me for my own Fault, if you had utterly destroyed all my Projects, then it might ha' been expected that ten or twenty Pieces should have been offer'd by way of Recompence or Satisfaction. —

Sir Mart. Nay, an you be so full o'your Flouts, your Friend and Servant ; who the Devil could tell the Meaning of your Signs and Tokens, an you go to that ?

Warn. You are no Afs then ?

Sir Mart. Well, Sir, to do you Service, d'ye see, I am an Afs in a fair way ; will that satisfie you ?

Warn. For this once produce those three Pieces, I am contented to receive that inconsiderable Tribute, or make 'em fix, and I'll take the Fault upon my self.

Sir Mart. Are we Friends then ? If we are, let me advise you ———

Warn. Yet advising ———

Sir Mart. For no harm, good *Warner* ; But pray next time make me of your Council, let me enter into the Business, instruct me in every Point, and then if I discover all, I am resolv'd to give over Affairs, and retire from the World.

Warn. Agreed, it shall be so ; but let us now take breath a while, then on again.

For though we had the worst, those Heats are past, We'll whip and spur, and fetch him up at last. [*Exeunt*]





ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lord, Lady Dupe, Mistress Christian, Rose, and Warner.

Lord. YOUR Promise is admirably made good to me, that Sir *John Swallow* should be this Night married to Mrs. *Christian*; instead of that, he is more deeply engag'd than ever with old *Moody*.

Warn. I cannot help those ebbs and flows of Fortune.

L. Dupe. I am sure my Niece suffers most in't, he's come off to her with a cold Compliment of a mistake in his Mistress's Virtue, which he has now found out, by your Master's Folly, to be a Plot of yours to separate them.

Chr. To be forsaken when a Woman has given her Consent!

Lord. 'Tis the same Scorn, as to have a Town render'd up, and afterwards slighted.

Rose. You are a sweet Youth, Sir, to use my Lady so, when she depended on you; is this the Faith of a *Valet de Chambre*? I would be asham'd to be such a dishonour to my Profession; it will reflect upon us in time, we shall be ruin'd by your good Example.

Warn. As how, my dear Lady Embassadress?

Rose. Why, they say the Women govern their Ladies, and you govern us: So if you play fast and loose, not a Gallant will bribe us for our Good-wills; the gentle *Guinea* will now go to the Ordinary, which us'd as duly to steal into our Hands at the Stair-foot, as into Mr. Doctor's at parting.

Lord.

Lord. Night's come, and I expect your Promise.

L. Dupe. Fail with me if you think good, Sir.

Chr. I give no more Time.

Rose. And if my Mistress go to Bed a Maid to Night——

Warn. Hey-day! you are dealing with me, as they do with the Bankrupts, call in all your Debts together; there's no possibility of Payment at this rate, but I'll coin for you all as fast as I can, I assure you.

L. Dupe. But you must not think to pay us with false Mony, as you have done hitherto.

Rose. Leave off your Mountebank Tricks with us, and fall to your Business in good Earnest.

Warn. Faith, and I will *Rose*; for to confess the Truth, I am a kind of a Mountebank, I have but one Cure for all your Diseases, that is, that my Master may marry Mrs. *Millisent*, for then Sir *John Swallow* will of himself return to Mrs. *Christian*.

Lord. He says true, and therefore we must be all helping to that design.

Warn. I'll put you upon something, give me but a thinking time. In the first Place, get a Warrant and Bailiffs to arrest Sir *John Swallow* upon a Promise of Marriage to Mrs. *Christian*.

Lord. Very good.

L. Dupe. We'll all swear it.

Warn. I never doubted your Ladyship in the least, Madam—— for the rest we will consider hereafter.

Lord. Leave this to us.

[*Ex. Lord, L. Dupe. Mill. and Chr.*]

Warn. Rose, where's thy Lady?

Mill. [*above.*] What have you to say to her?

Warn. Only to tell you, Madam, I am going forward in the great Work of Projection.

Mill. I know not whether you will deserve my Thanks when the Work's done.

Warn. Madam, I hope you are not become indifferent to my Master?

Mill.

Mill. If he should prove a Fool after all your crying up his Wit, I shall be a miserable Woman.

Warn. A Fool! that were a good Jest i'faith: but how comes your Ladyship to suspect it?

Rose. I have heard, Madam, your greatest Wits have ever a Touch of Madnefs and Extravagance in them, so perhaps has he.

Warn. There's nothing more distant than Wit and Folly, yet like East and West, they may meet in a Point, and produce Actions that are but a Hair's breadth from one another.

Rose. I'll undertake he has Wit enough to make one laugh at him a whole Day together: He's a most Comical Person.

Mill. For all this I will not swear he is no Fool; he has still discovered all your Plots.

Warn. O Madam, that's the common Fate of your Machivilians, they draw their Designs so subtil, that their very Fineness breaks them.

Mill. However, I'm resolv'd to be on the sure side, I will have certain proof of his Wit, before I marry him.

Warn. Madam, I'll give you one, he wears his Cloaths like a great Sloven, and that's a sure sign of Wit, he neglects his outward Parts; besides, he speaks *French*, sings, dances, plays upon the Lute.

Mill. Does he do all this, say you?

Warn. Most divinely, Madam.

Mill. I ask no more, then let him give me a Serenade immediately; but let him stand in the View, I'll not be cheated.

Warn. He shall do't Madam: ——— But how, the Devil knows; for he sings like a Scritch-Owl, and never touch'd the Lute.

[*Aside.*

Mill. You'll see't perform'd?

Warn. Now I think on't, Madam, this will but retard our Enterprife.

Mill. Either let him do't, or see me no more.

Warn. Well, it shall be done, Madam; but where's your Father? will not he over-hear it?

Mill.

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Mill. As good hap is, he's below Stairs, talking with a Seaman, that has brought him News from the *East-Indies*.

Warn. What Concernment can he have there?

Mill. He had a Bastard-Son there, whom he loved extremely: but not having any News from him these many Years, concluded him dead; this Son he expects within these three Days.

Warn. When did he see him last?

Mill. Not since he was seven Years old.

Warn. A sudden thought comes into my Head to make him appear before his Time; let my Master pass for him, and by that means he may come into the House unsuspected by her Father, or his Rival.

Mill. According as he performs his Serenade, I'll talk with you——make haste——I must retire a little. [Exit *Mill.* from above.]

Rose. I'll instruct him most rarely, he shall never be found out; but in the mean time, what wilt thou do for a Serenade?

Warn. Faith, I am a little non-plus'd on the sudden, but a warm Consolation from thy Lips, *Rose*, would set my Wits a working again.

Rose. Adieu, *Warner*. [Exit.]

Warn. Inhuman *Rose*, adieu——Blockhead *Warner*, into what a Premunire hast thou brought thy self; this 'tis to be so forward to promise for another——but to be Godfather to a Fool, to promise and vow he should do any thing like a Christian——

Enter Sir Martin Mar-all.

Sir Mart. Why, how now Bully, in a brown Study? For my good I warrant it; there's five Shillings for thee, what, we must encourage good Wits sometimes.

Warn. Hang your white Pelf: Sure, Sir, by your Largess you mistake me for *Martin Parker*, the Ballad-maker; your Covetousness has offended my Muse, and quite dull'd her.

Sir,

Sir Mart. How angry the poor Devil is! In fine, thou art as cholerick as a Cook by a Fire-side.

Warn. I am over-heated, like a Gun, with continual discharging my Wit: 'Slife, Sir, I have rarifi'd my Brains for you, 'till they are evaporated; but, come, Sir, do something for your self like a Man, I have engag'd you shall give to your Mistress a Serenade in your proper Person: I'll borrow a Lute for you,

Sir Mart. I'll warrant thee I'll do't, Man.

Warn. You never learn'd, I do not think you know one Stop.

Sir Mart. 'Tis no matter for that, Sir, I'll play as fast as I can, and never stop at all.

Warn. Go to, you are an invincible Fool, I see; get up into your Window, and set two Candles by you, take my Landlord's Lute in your Hand, and fumble on't, and make Grimaces with your Mouth, as if you sung; in the mean time, I'll play in the next Room in the dark, and consequently your Mistress, who will come to her Balcony over against you, will think it to be you; and at the end of every Tune, I'll ring the Bell that hangs between your Chamber and mine, that you may know when we have done.

Sir Mart. Why, this is fair Play now, to tell a Man before-hand what he must do; Gramercy i'faith, Boy, now if I fail thee —

Warn. About your Business then, your Mistress and her Maid appear already; I'll give you the Sign with the Bell when I am prepar'd, for my Lute is at hand in the Barber's Shop. [Exeunt.]

Enter Mrs. Milliscent, and Rose, with a Candle by 'em above.

Rose. We shall have rare Musick.

Mill. I wish it prove so; for I suspect the Knight can neither play nor sing.

Rose. But if he does, you're bound to pay the Musick, Madam.

Mill.

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Mill. I'll not believe it, except both my Ears and Eyes are Witnesses.

Rose. But 'tis Night, Madam, and you cannot see 'em; yet he may play admirably in the dark.

Mill. Where's my Father?

Rose. You need not fear him, he's still employ'd with the same Sea-man, and I have set Mrs. *Christian* to watch their Discourse, that betwixt her and me *Warner* may have wherewithal to instruct his Master.

Mill. But yet there's fear my Father will find out the Plot.

Rose. Not in the least, for my old Lady has provided two rare Disguises for the Master and the Man.

Mill. Peace, I hear them beginning to tune the Lute.

Rose. And see, Madam, where your true Knight Sir *Martin* is plac'd yonder like *Apollo*, with his Lute in his Hand and his Rays about his Head.

[*Sir Martin appears at the adverse Window, a Tune play'd; when it is done, Warner rings, and Sir Martin holds.*

Did he not play most excellently, Madam?

Mill. He play'd well, and yet methinks he held his Lute but untowardly.

Rose. Dear Madam, peace; now for the Song.

The S O N G.

B LIND Love to this Hour
Had never like me, a Slave under his Power.
Then blest be the Dart
That he threw at my Heart,
For nothing can prove
A Joy so great as to be wounded with Love.

My Days, and my Nights,
Are fill'd to the Purpose with Sorrows and Frights;
From my Heart still I sigh,
And my Eyes are ne'er dry,
So that, Cupid be prais'd,
I am to the top of Love's Happiness rais'd.

My

My Soul's all on fire,
So that I have the Pleasure to doat and desire;
Such a pretty soft Pain,
That it tickles each Vein,
'Tis the Dream of a Smart,
Which makes me breathe short, when it beats at my Heart.

Sometimes in a Pet,
When I am despis'd, I my Freedom would get;
But straight a sweet Smile
Does my Anger beguile,
And my Heart does recal,
Then the more I do struggle, the lower I fall.

Heav'n does not impart
Such a Grace as to love unto ev'ry one's Heart;
For many may wish
To be wounded, and miss:
Then blest be Love's Fire,
And more blest her Eyes that first taught me Desire.

The Song being done, Warner rings again; but Sir Martin continues fumbling, and gazing on his Mistress.

Mill. A pretty humour'd Song — but stay, methinks he plays and sings still, and yet we cannot hear him — Play louder, Sir Martin, that we may have the Fruits on't.

Warn. [*Peeping.*] Death! this abominable Fool will spoil all again. Damn him, he stands making his Grimaces yonder, and he looks so earnestly upon his Mistress, that he hears me not. [*Rings again.*]

Mill. Ah, ah! have I found you out, Sir? now as I live and breathe, this is pleasant, Rose, — his Man play'd and sung for him, and he, it seems, did not know when he should give over. [*Mill. and Rose laugh.*]

Warn. They have found him out, and laugh yonder, as if they would split their Sides. Why Mr. Fool, Oaf, Coxcomb, will you hear none of your Names?

Mill.

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Mill. *Sir Martin*, *Sir Martin*, take your Man's Counsel, and keep Time with your Musick.

Sir Mart. [*Pieping.*] Hah! what do you say, Madam? how does your Ladyship like my Musick?

Mill. O most heav'nly! just like the Harmony of the Spheres, that is to be admired, and never heard.

Warn. You have ruin'd all by your not leaving off in time.

Sir Mart. What the Devil would you have a Man do, when my Hand is in! well, o' my Conscience I think there is a Fate upon me. [*Noise within.*]

Mill. Look, *Rose*, what's the matter.

Rose. 'Tis *Sir John Swallow* pursu'd by the Bailiffs, Madam, according to our Plot; it seems they have dogg'd him thus late to his Lodging.

Mill. That's well! for though I begin not to love this Fool; yet I am glad I shall be rid of him.

[*Exeunt Mill. and Rose.*]

Enter Sir John pursued by three Bailiffs over the Stage.

Sir Mart. Now I'll redeem all again, my Mistress shall see my Valour, I'm resolv'd on't. Villains, Rogues, Poultroons! what? three upon one? in fine, I'll be with you immediately. [*Exit.*]

Warn. Why, Sir, are you stark mad? have you no Grain of Sense left? He's gone! now is he as earnest in the Quarrel as *Cokes* among the Puppets; 'tis to no purpose whatever I do for him. [*Exit Warn.*]

Enter Sir John and Sir Martin, (having driven away the Bailiffs) Sir Martin flourisheth his Sword.

Sir Mart. *Victoria! Victoria!* what Heart, *Sir John*, you have received no harm, I hope?

Sir John. Not the least, I thank you, Sir, for your timely Assistance, which I will requite with any thing, but the resigning of my Mistress — Dear *Sir Martin*, a good Night.

Sir.

Sir Mart. Pray let me wait upon you in, Sir John.

Sir John. I can find my way to Mrs. Millisent without you, Sir, I thank you.

Sir Mart. But pray, what were you to be arrested for?

Sir John. I know no more than you; some little Debts perhaps I left unpaid by my Negligence: Once more good Night, Sir. [Exit.

Sir Mart. He's an ungrateful Fellow; and so, in fine, I shall tell him when I see him next — Monsieur —

Enter Warner.

Warner, à propos! I hope you'll applaud me now, I have defeated the Enemy, and that in sight of my Mistress; Boy, I have charm'd her i'faith with my Valour.

Warn. Ay, just as much as you did e'en now with your Musick; go, you are so beastly a Fool, that a chiding is thrown away upon you.

Sir Mart. Fool in your Face, Sir; call a Man of Honour Fool, when I have just atchieved such an Enterprize — Gad, now my Blood's up, I am a dangerous Person, I can tell you that, Warner.

Warn. Poor Animal, I pity thee!

Sir Mart. I grant I am no Musician, but you must allow me for a Sword-man, I have beat 'em bravely; and, in fine, I am come off unhurt, save only a little Scratch i' th' Head.

Warn. That's impossible, thou hast a Scull so thick, no Sword can pierce it; but much good may't d'ye, Sir, with the Fruits of your Valour: You rescu'd your Rival, when he was to be arrested, on purpose to take him off from your Mistress.

Sir Mart. Why, this is ever the Fate of ingenious Men; nothing thrives they take in Hand,

Enter

Enter Rose.

Rose. Sir *Martin*, you have done your Business with my Lady, she'll never look upon you more; she says, she's so well satisfied of your Wit and Courage, that she will not put you to any further Tryal.

Sir *Mart.* *Warner*, is there no Hopes, *Warner*?

Warn. None that I know.

Sir *Mart.* Let's have but one civil Plot more before we part.

Warn. 'Tis to no purpose.

Rose. Yet, if he had some golden Friends that would engage for him the next time —

Sir *Mart.* Here's a *Jacobus* and a *Carolus* will enter into Bonds for me.

Rose. I'll take their Royal Words for once.

[*She fetches two Disguises.*]

Warn. The Meaning of this, dear *Rose*?

Rose. 'Tis in pursuance of thy own Invention, *Warner*? a Child which thy Wit hath begot upon me: But let us lose no Time. Help! help! dress thy Master, that he may be *Anthony*, old *Moody's* Bastard, and thou his, come from the *East-Indies*.

Sir *Mart.* Hey-tarock it ——— now we shall have *Rose's* device too, I long to be at it, pray let's hear more on't?

Rose. Old *Moody* you must know in his younger Years, when he was a *Cambridge* Scholar, made bold with a Towns-man's Daughter there, by whom he had a Bastard, Whose Name was *Anthony*, whom you, Sir *Martin*, are to represent.

Sir *Mart.* I warrant you, let me alone for *Tony*: But pray go on, *Rose*.

Rose. This Child, in his Father's Time, he durst not own, but bred him privately in the Isle of *Ely*, 'till he was seven Years old, and from thence sent him with one *Bonaventure*, a Merchant, for the *East-Indies*.

Warn. But will not this over-burden your Memory, Sir?

Sir

Sir Mart. There's no answering thee any thing, thou think'st I am good for nothing.

Rose. Bonaventure dy'd at Surat within two Years, and this Anthony has liv'd up and down in the Mogul's Country unheard of by his Father 'till this Night, and is expected within these three Days: Now if you can pass for him, you may have admittance into the House, and make an end of all the Business before the other Anthony arrives.

Warn. But hold, Rose, there's one considerable Point omitted; what was his Mother's Name?

Rose. That indeed I had forgot; her Name was Dorothy, Daughter to one Draw-water, a Vintner at the Rose.

Warn. Come, Sir, are you perfect in your Lesson? Anthony Moody, born in Cambridge, bred in the Isle of Ely, sent into the Mogul's Country at seven Years old, with one Bonaventure a Merchant, who dy'd within two Years; your Mother's Name Dorothy Draw-water, the Vintner's Daughter at the Rose.

Sir Mart. I have it all *ad unguem* — what do'st think I'm a Sot? But stay a little, how have I liv'd all this while in that same Country?

Warn. What Country? ——— Pox, he has forgot, already——

Rose. The Mogul's Country.

Sir Mart. Ay, ay, the Mogul's Country! what the Devil, any Man may mistake a little; but now I have it perfect: But what have I been doing all this while in the Mogul's Country? He's a heathen Rogue, I am afraid I shall never hit upon his Name.

Warn. Why, you have been passing your Time there no matter how.

Rose. Well, if this passes upon the old Man, I'll bring your Business about again with my Mistress, never fear it; stay you here at the Door, I'll go tell the old Man of your Arrival.

Warn. Well, Sir, now play your Part exactly, and I'll forgive all your former Errors. ———

Sir

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Sir Mart. Hang'em, they were only slips of Youth — how peremptory and domineering this Rogue is! now he sees I have need of his Service: Would I were out of his Power again, I would make him lie at my Feet like any Spaniel.

Enter Moody, Sir John, Lord, Lady Dupe, Millisent, Christian, and Rose.

Mood. Is he here already, say'st thou? which is he?

Rose. That Sun-burn'd Gentleman.

Mood. My dear Boy *Anthony*, do I see thee again before I die? Welcome, welcome.

Sir Mart. My dear Farher, I know it is you by Instinct; for methinks I am as like you as if I were spit out of your Mouth.

Rose. Keep it up, I beseech your Lordship.

[Aside to the Lord.]

Lord. He's wond'rous like indeed.

L. Dupe. The very Image of him.

Mood. *Anthony*, You must salute all this Company: This is my Lord *Dartmouth*, this my Lady *Dupe*, this her Niece Mrs. *Christian*.

[He salutes them.]

Sir Mart. And that's my Sister, methinks I have a good Resemblance of her too: Honest Sister, I must needs kiss you, Sister.

Warn. This Fool will discover himself, I foresee it already by his Carriage to her.

Mood. And now *Anthony*, pray tell us a little of your Travels.

Sir Mart. Time enough for that, forsooth Father, but I have such a natural Affection for my Sister, that methinks I could live and die with her: Give me thy Hand, sweet Sister.

Sir John. She's beholden to you, Sir.

Sir Mart. What if she be, Sir, what's that to you, Sir?

Sir John. I hope, Sir, I have not offended you?

Sir Mart. It may be you have, and it may be you have not, Sir; you see I have no Mind to satisfy you, Sir: What

What a Devil! a Man cannot talk a little to his own Flesh and Blood, but you must be interposing with a Murrain to you.

Mood. Enough of this, good *Anthony*, this Gentleman is to marry your Sister.

Sir Mart. He marry my Sister! Ods foot, Sir, there are some Bastards, that shall be nameless; that are as well worthy to marry her, as any Man; and have as good Blood in their Veins.

Sir John. I do not question it in the least, Sir.

Sir Mart. 'Tis not your best Course, Sir; you marry my Sister! what have you seen of the World, Sir? I have seen your Hurricanos, and your Calentures, and your Eclipticks, and your Tropick Lines, Sir, an you go to that, Sir.

Warn. You must excuse my Master, the Sea's a little working in his Brain, Sir.

Sir Mart. And your *Prefter Johns* o'th' *East-Indies*, and your Great *Turk* of *Rome* and *Persia*.

Mood. Lord, what a thing it is to be Learned, and a Traveller! Bodikin, it makes me weep for Joy; but, *Anthony*, you must not bear your self too much upon your Learning, Child.

Mill. Pray, Brother, be civil to this Gentleman for my sake.

Sir Mart. For your sake, Sister *Millisent*, much may be done, and here I kiss your Hand on't.

Warn. Yet again, Stupidity?

Mill. Nay, pray Brother Hands off, now you are too rude.

Sir Mart. Dear Sister, as I am a true *East-India* Gentleman——

Mood. But pray, Son *Anthony*, let us talk of other Matters; and tell me truly, had you not quite forgot me? And yet I made woundy much of you when you were young.

Sir Mart. I remember you as well as if I saw you but Yesterday: A fine grey-headed——grey-bearded old Gentleman as ever I saw in all my Life.

Warn.

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Warn. Aside.] Grey-bearded old Gentleman! when he was a Scholar at *Cambridge*.

Mood. But do you remember where you were bred up?

Sir Mart. O yes, Sir, most perfectly, in the Isle—stay—let me see, oh—now I have it—in the Isle of *Silly*.

Mood. In the Isle of *Ely*, sure you mean?

Warn. Without doubt he did, Sir, but this damn'd Isle of *Silly* runs in's Head ever since his Sea-Voyage.

Mood. And your Mother's Name was—come, pray let me examine you—for that I'm sure you cannot forget.

Sir Mart. Warner! what was it, *Warner?*

Warn. Poor Mrs. *Dorothy Draw-water*, if she were now alive, what a joyful Day would this be to her?

Mood. Who the Devil bid you speak, *Sirrah?*

Sir Mart. Her Name, Sir, was Mrs. *Dorothy Draw-water*.

Sir John. I'll be hang'd if this be not some Cheat.

Mill. He makes so many stumbles, he must needs fall at last.

Mood. But you remember, I hope, where you were born?

Warn. Well, they may talk what they will of *Oxford* for an University, but *Cambridge* for my Money.

Mood. Hold your Tongue you Scanderbag Rogue you, this is the second time you have been talking when you should not.

Sir Mart. I was born at *Cambridge*, I remember it as perfectly as if it were but Yesterday.

Warn. How I sweat for him! he's remembring ever since he was born.

Mood. And who did you go over with to the *East-Indies?*

Sir Mart. Warner!

Warn. 'Twas a happy thing, Sir, you lighted upon so honest a Merchant as Mr. *Bonaventure*, to take care of him.

Mood.

Mood. Sawcy Rascal! this is past all Sufferance.

Rose. We are undone, *Warner*, if this Discourse go on any further.

Lord. Pray, Sir, take pity o'th' poor Gentleman, he has more need of a good Supper, than to be ask'd so many Questions.

Sir John. These are Rogues, Sir, I plainly perceive it; pray let me ask him one Question—— Which way did you come home, Sir?

Sir Mart. We came home by Land, Sir.

Warn. That is, from *India* to *Persia*, from *Persia* to *Turkey*, from *Turkey* to *Germany*, from *Germany* to *France*.

Sir John. And from thence, over the narrow Seas on Horse-back.

Mood. 'Tis so, I discern it now, but some shall smooke for't. Stay a little *Anthony*, I'll be with you presently.

[Exit *Mood*.]

Warn. That wicked old Man is gone for no good, I'm afraid; would I were fairly quit of him. [Aside.]

Mill. aside.] Tell me no more of *Sir Martin*, *Rose*, he wants natural Sense, to talk after this rate; but for this *Warner*, I am strangely taken with him, how handsomely he brought him off!

Enter Moody with two Cudgels.

Mood. Among half a Score tough Cudgels I had in my Chamber, I have made choice of these two as best able to hold out.

Mill. Alas! poor *Warner* must be beaten now for all his Wit, would I could bear it for him.

Warn. But to what end is all this Preparation, Sir?

Mood. In the first place, for your Worship, and in the next, for this *East-India* Apostle, that will needs be my Son *Anthony*.

Warn. Why d'ye think he is not?

Mood. No, thou wicked Accomplice in his Designs, I know he is not.

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H

Warn.

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Warn. Who, I his Accomplice? I beseech you, Sir, what is it to me, if he should prove a Counterfeit! I assure you he has cozen'd me in the first place.

Sir John. That's likely, I faith, cozen his own Servant?

Warn. As I hope for Mercy, Sir, I am an utter Stranger to him; he took me up but Yesterday, and told me the Story word for word as he told it you.

Sir Mart. What will become of us two now? I trust to the Rogue's Wit to bring me off.

Mood. If thou wouldst have me believe thee, take one of these two Cudgels, and help me to lay it on soundly.

Warn. With all my Heart.

Mood. Out you Cheat, you Hypocrite, you Impostor: Do you come hither to cozen an honest Man?

[Beats him.

Sir Mart. Hold, hold, Sir!

Warn. Do you come hither with a Lye to get a Father, Mr. Anthony of East India?

Sir Mart. Hold, you inhuman Butcher.

Warn. I'll teach you to counterfeit again, Sir.

Sir Mart. The Rogue will murder me.

[Exit Sir Mart.

Mood. A fair Riddance of 'em both: Let's in and laugh at 'em:

[Exeunt.

Enter again Sir Martin and Warner.

Sir Mart. Was there ever such an Affront put upon a Man, to be beaten by his Servant.

Warn. After my hearty Salutations upon your Backside, Sir, may a Man have leave to ask you, what News from the Mogul's Country?

Sir Mart. I wonder where thou hadst the Impudence to move such a Question to me, knowing how thou hast us'd me.

Warn. Now, Sir, you may see what comes of your Indiscretion and Stupidity: I always gave you warning of

of it, but for this time I am content to pass it by without more Words, partly, because I have already corrected you, though not so much as you deserve.

Sir Mart. Do'st thou think to carry it off at this rate, after such an Injury?

Warn. You may thank your self for't; nay, 'twas very well I found out that way, otherwise I had been suspected as your Accomplice.

Sir Mart. But you laid it on with such a Vengeance, as if you were beating of a Stock-fish.

Warn. To confess the Truth on't, you had anger'd me, and I was willing to evaporate my Choler; if you will pass it by so, I may chance to help you to your Mistress: No more Words of this Business, I advise you, but go home and grease your Back.

Sir Mart. In fine, I must suffer it at his Hands: for if my Shoulders had not paid for this Fault, my Purse must have sweat Blood for't: The Rogue has got such a hank upon me —

Warn. So, so! here's another of our Vessels come in after the Storm that parted us!

Enter Rose.

What Comfort, *Rose*, no Harbour near?

Rose. My Lady, as you may well imagine, is most extremely incens'd against *Sir Martin*; but she applauds your Ingenuity to the Skies. I'll say no more, but thereby hangs a Tale.

Sir Mart. I am considering with my self about a Plot, to bring all about again.

Rose. Yet again plotting! if you have such a Mind to't, I know no way so proper for you, as to turn Poet to *Pugello*.

Warn. Hark! is not that Musick in your House?

[Musick Plays.]

Rose. Yes, *Sir John* has given my Mistress the Fiddles, and our old Man is as jocund yonder, and does

so hug himself to think how he has been reveng'd upon you.

Warn. Why, he does not know 'twas we, I hope?

Rose. 'Tis all one for that.

Sir Mart. I have such a Plot; I care not, I will speak as I were to be hang'd for't—— shall I speak, dear *Warner*? let me now; it does so wamble within me, just like a Clyster, i'faith law, and I can keep it no longer for my Heart.

Warn. Well, I am indulgent to you; out with it boldly in the Name of Nonsense.

Sir Mart. We two will put on Vizards, and with the help of my *Landlord*, who shall be of the Party, go a Mumming there, and by some device of dancing, get my Mistress away unsuspected by 'em all.

Rose. What if this should hit now, when all your Projects have fail'd, *Warner*?

Warn. Would I were hang'd, if it be not somewhat probable: Nay, now I consider better on't—— exceeding probable, it must take, 'tis not in Nature to be avoided.

Sir Mart. O must it so, Sir! and, who may you thank for't?

Warn. Now am I so mad he should be the Author of this Device. How the Devil, Sir, came you to stumble on't?

Sir Mart. Why should not my Brains be as fruitful as yours, or any Man's?

Warn. This is so good, it shall not be your Plot, Sir; either disown it, or I will proceed no further.

Sir Mart. I would not lose the Credit of my Plot to gain my Mistress: The Plot's a good one, and I'll justify it upon any Ground in *England*; an you will not work upon't, it shall be done without you.

Rose. I think the Knight has Reason.

Warner. Well, I'll order however to the best Advantage: Hark you, *Rose*. [Whispers.

Sir Mart. If it miscarry by your Ordering, take notice 'tis

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'tis your Fault; 'tis well invented, I'll take my Oath on't.

Rose. I must in to 'em, for fear I should be suspected; but I'll acquaint my Lord, my old Lady, and all the rest who ought to know it, with your Design.

Warn. We'll be with you in a twinkling: You and I, *Rose*, are to follow our Leaders, and be pair'd to Night ———

Rose. To have, and to hold, are dreadful Words, *Warner*; but for your sake I'll venture on 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lord, Lady Dupe, and Christian.

L. Dupe. Nay! good my Lord, be patient.

Lord. Does he think to give Fiddles and Treatments in a House where he has wrong'd a Lady? I'll never suffer it.

L. Dupe. But upon what ground will you raise your Quarrel?

Lord. A very just one, as I am her Kinsman.

L. Dupe. He does not know yet why he was to be arrested; try that way again.

Lord. I'll hear of nothing but Revenge.

Enter Rose.

Rose. Yes, pray hear me one word, my Lord, *Sir Martin* himself has made a Plot.

Chr. That's like to be a good one.

Rose. A Fool's Plot may be as lucky as a Fool's Hand-sel; 'tis a very likely one, and requires nothing for your part, but to get a Parson in the next Room, we'll find work for him.

L. Dupe. That shall be done immediately; *Christian*, make haste, and send for Mr. *Ball* the Non-conformist, tell him here are two or three Angels to be earn'd.

Chr. And two or three Possiets to be eaten: May I not put in that, Madam?

L. Dupe. Surely you may.

[*Exit Christian.*]

Rose. Then for the rest — 'tis only this — Oh! they are here! pray take it in a whisper: My Lady knows of it already.

Enter Moody, Sir John, and Milliscent.

Mill. Strike up again, Fiddle, I'll have a French Dance.

Sir John. Let's have the Brawls.

Mood. No, good Sir John, no quarrelling among Friends.

L. Dupe. Your Company is like to be increas'd, Sir; some Neighbours that heard your Fiddles are come a mumming to you.

Mood. Let 'em come in, and we'll be jovy; an I had but my Hobby-horse at home —

Sir John. What, are they Men or Women?

L. Dupe. I believe some 'Prentices broke loose.

Mill. *Rose!* go and fetch me down two Indian Gowns and Vizard-masks — you and I will disguise too, and be as good a Mummery to them as they to us.

[*Exit Rose.*]

Mood. That will be most rare.

Enter Sir Martin Mar-all, Warner, Landlord disguised like a Tony.

Mood. O here they come! Gentlemen Maskers you are welcome — [*Warner signs to the Musick for a Dance.*] He signs for a Dance I believe; you are welcome. Mr. Musick, strike up, I'll make one as old as I am.

Sir John. And I'll not be out. [*Dance.*]

Lord. Gentlemen-Maskers, you have had your Frolick, the next turn is mine; bring two Flute-glassies and some Stools, ho, we'll have the Ladies Health.

Sir John. But why Stools, my Lord?

Lord. That you shall see: The Humour is, that two Men at a time are hoisted up; when they are above, they name their Ladies, and the rest of the Company

ny dance about them while they drink : This they call the Frolick of the Altitudes.

Mood. Some Highlander's Invention, I'll warrant it.

Lord. Gentlemen-maskers, you shall begin.

[They hoist Sir Mart. and Warn.

Sir John. Name the Ladies.

Lord. They point to Mrs. Millisent and Mrs. Christian.

A Lou's Touche ! Touche !

*[While they drink, the Company dances and sings :
They are taken down.*

Mood. A rare toping Health this : Come, Sir John, now you and I will be in our Altitudes.

Sir John. What new Device is this, tro ?

Mood. I know not what to make on't.

*[When they are up, the Company dances about 'em :
Then dance off. Tony dances a Jigg.*

Sir John. Pray, Mr. Fool, where's the rest o'your Company ? I would fain see 'em again. *[To Tony.*

Land. Come down and tell 'em so, Cudden.

Sir John. I'll be hang'd if there be not some Plot in't, and this Fool is set here to spin out the time.

Mood. Like enough ! undone ! undone ! my Daughter's gone, let me down, Sirrah.

Land. Yes, Cudden.

Sir John. My Mistress is gone, let me down first.

Land. This is the quickest way, Cudden.

[He offers to pull down the Stools.

Sir John. Hold ! hold ! or thou wilt break my Neck.

Land. An you will not come down, you may stay there, Cudden. *[Exit Landlord dancing.*

Mood. O Scanderbag Villains !

Sir John. Is there no getting down ?

Mood. All this was long of you, Sir Jack.

Sir John. 'Twas long of your self to invite them hither.

Mood. O you young Coxcomb, to be drawn in thus !

Sir John. You old Sot you, to be caught so fillily !

Mood. Come but an Inch nearer, and I'll so claw thee.

Sir John.

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Sir John. I hope I shall reach to thee.

Mood. An 'twere not for thy wooden Breast-work there —

Sir John. I hope to push thee down from *Babylon*.

Enter Lord, Lady Dupe, Sir Martin, Warner, Rose, Millicent veil'd, and Landlord.

Lord. How, Gentlemen! what, quarrelling among your selves!

Mood. Coxnowns! help me down, and let me have fair play, he shall never marry my Daughter.

Sir Mart. leading Rose. No, I'll be sworn that he shall not, therefore never repine, Sir, for Marriages you know are made in Heav'n: In fine, Sir, we are join'd together in spite of Fortune.

Rose pulling off her Mask. That we are indeed, *Sir Martin*, and these are Witnesses; therefore, in fine, never repine, Sir, for Marriages you know are made in Heav'n.

Omn. Rose!

Warn. What is *Rose* split in two? Sure I ha' got one *Rose!*

Mill. Ay, the best *Rose* you ever got in all your Life.

[Pulls off her Mask.

Warn. This amazeth me so much, I know not what to say or think.

Mood. My Daughter married to *Warner!*

Sir Mart. Well, I thought it impossible any Man in *England* should have over-reach'd me; Sure *Warner* there was some Mistake in this: Pr'ythee *Billy* let's go to the Parson to set all right again, that every Man may have his own, before the matter go too far.

Warn. Well, Sir! for my part I will have nothing farther to do with these Women, for I find they will be too hard for us, but e'en sit down by the Loss, and content my self with my hard Fortune: But, Madam, do you ever think I will forgive you this, to cheat me into an Estate of two thousand Younds a Year?

Sir Mart.

Sir Mart. An I were as thee, I would not be so serv'd,
Warner!

Mill. I have serv'd him but right for the Cheat he put
upon me, when he persuaded me you were a Wit —
now there's a Trick for your Trick, Sir.

Warn. Nay, I confess you have out-witted me.

Sir John. Let me down, and I'll forgive all freely.

[They let him down.]

Mood. What am I kept here for?

Warn. I might in Policy keep you there, 'till your
Daughter and I had been in private, for a little Consum-
mation: But for once, Sir, I'll trust your good Nature.

[Takes him down too.]

Mood. An thou wert a Gentleman it would not grieve
me!

Mill. That I was assur'd of before I marry'd him, by
my Lord here.

Lord. I cannot refuse to own him for my Kinsman,
though his Father's Sufferings in the late Times have
ruin'd his Fortunes.

Mood. But yet he has been a Serving-man.

Warn. You are mistaken, Sir, I have been a Master;
and besides, there's an Estate of eight hundred Pounds a
Year, only it is mortgag'd for six thousand Pounds.

Mood. Well, we'll bring it off; and for my part, I
am glad my Daughter has mis'd *in fine* there.

Sir John. I will not be the only Man that must sleep
without a Bedfellow to Night, if this Lady will once a-
gain receive me.

L. Dupe. She's yours, Sir.

Lord. And the same Parson, that did the former Exe-
cution, is still in the next Chamber; what with Cawdles,
Wine, and Quidding, which he has taken in abundance, I
think he will be able to wheedle two more of you into
Matrimony.

Mill. Poor Sir Martin looks melancholy! I am half
afraid he is in love.

Warn. Not with the Lady that took him for a Wit, I
hope.

Rafe.

Rose. At least, Sir *Martin* can do more than you Mr. *Warner*, for he can make me a Lady, which you cannot my Mistress.

Sir Mart. I have lost nothing but my Man, and in fine, I shall get another.

Mill. You'll do very well, Sir *Martin*, for you'll never be your own Man, I assure you.

Warn. For my part, I had lov'd you before, if I had follow'd my Inclination.

Mill. But now I am afraid you begin of the latest, except your Love can grow up like a Mushroom at a Night's warning.

Warn. For that matter never trouble your self, I can love as fast as any Man, when I am in high Possession; my Love falls heavy, and never moves quick till it comes near the Center; he's an ill Falconer that will unhood before the Quarry be in sight.

Love's an high-mettl'd Hawk that beats the Air,
But soon grows weary when the Game's not near.





EPILOGUE.

AS Country Vicars, when the Sermon's done,
Run huddling to the Benediction;

Well knowing, though the better sort may stay,
The vulgar Rout will run unblest away:

So we, when once our Play is done, make haste
With a short Epilogue to close your Taste.

In thus withdrawing we seem mannerly,

But when the Curtain's down, we peep and see
A Jury of the Wits, who still stay late,

And in their Club decree the poor Play's Fate;

Their Verdict back is to the Boxes brought,

Thence all the Town pronounces it their Thought.

Thus, Gallants, we like Lilly can foresee,

But if you ask us what our Doom will be,

We by to Morrow will our Fortune cast,

As he tells all things when the Year is past.



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